Easyriders

Ⓓ 04107

Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

70p

December, 1976
One Dollar

Bikes and Fiction That'll Make Your Head Spin

Bikers Trying to Stay Free

Women: This Issue Is Full of Them

Black Easyriders T-shirts

(with full color Dave Mann designs)

Hell, everyone knows the advantages of wearing a black T-shirt—why, it's like wearing your own wipe rag! Just think, now you can wear your shirt longer (won't show crud), and in emergencies you can wipe your hands on it, sop up blood, or whatever—shit, you could even clean your chrome with it.

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A

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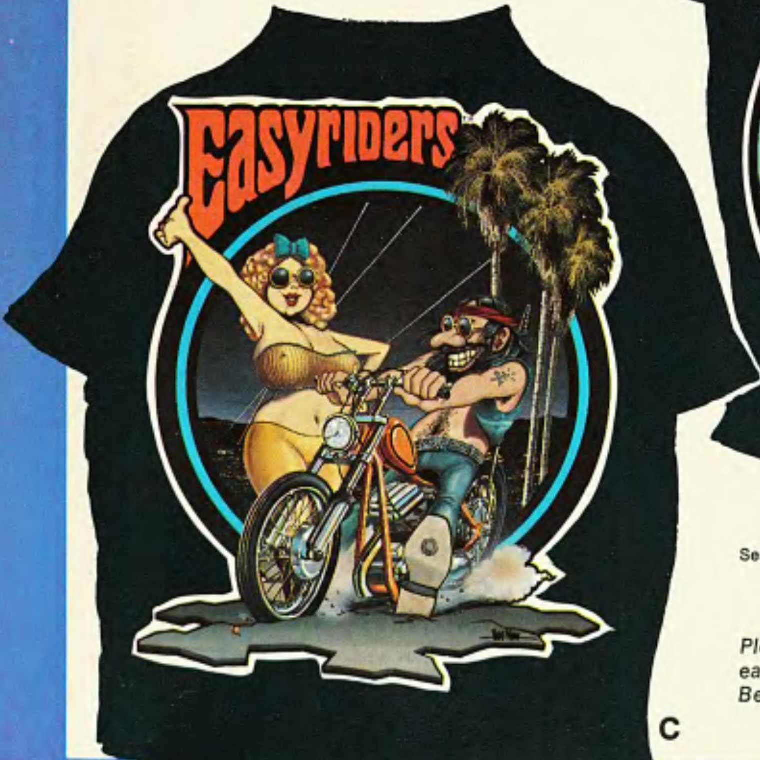

C

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Please send me______shirts. I have enclosed $5.95 for each shirt ordered. ($5.45 plus 50¢ for postage & handling.) Be sure to state size: sm., med., lge., ex. lge.

Easyriders

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Entertainment
for Adult Bikers

FTW

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Easyriders magazine Number 42, December, 1976, Vol. 6. **Easyriders** is published monthly by Paisano Publications, Inc., with corporate offices at 819 South Glenoaks Blvd., Burbank, California 91502. (213) 843-3277. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (213) 880-4240. Second Class Postage paid at Burbank, California 91502 and at additional offices.

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Cover photo of Trisha Vest by Pete Chiodo

The next leg-wettin' issue of this miserable rag goes on sale November 30th.

Order in time for Christmas!
This Christmas gift has class!
And it's man-sized too! It's this bitchin' beer mug. The design is an absolutely perfect reproduction of the old, original Harley oil can. Bright orange, black and white. The colors are exactly like the original oil can—authentic in every detail.
Show some class—drink your favorite brew from a huge mug that shows your colors.
$5.95, plus a lousy buck for postage and packing. As with all Righteous Products, satisfaction is guaranteed, or money immediately refunded.
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Either way—one, or four at a time—it's a product that every Harley owner will dig.
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Order now and mugs will be mailed in time for Christmas!

Pause for thought dept.: Did you know that the most frequent victims of lightning are farmers, fishermen, and bikers? Do you think the Big Biker in the sky is tellin' us something?

Has your ol' lady been stepping on her jugs lately? Well, here's some help for her. The Franksville Specialty Co. makes bras for cows—with sizes all the way up to 108. (Hope Mutha reads this.)

Ain't that nice file: A cop in Texas lost control of his car and crashed into a ditch. He said he was goin' too fast—so he gave himself a ticket!

Don't kill rattlesnakes in Georgia: A dude ran off the road to crush a rattlesnake. A cop saw the incident and gave him a $25 ticket for snuffin' the snake.

Dipshit of the month: As a joke, a police department in Tennessee advertised in a local newspaper for the owner of a tub of marijuana plants—never expecting to find an owner, of course. But they did. A dude came in and claimed it. He was arrested immediately and thrown into the slammer for "manufacturing" killer weed.

Showin' class: A dude in New Jersey was ordered by the court to divide all his property with his ex-ol' lady in a divorce settlement. So he whips out a chain saw and saws his $80,000 house in half. He cut it all the way through—from the roof to the dirt below—absolutely in half!

Our good ol' laws: A dude was walking down the street and was growled at by a narc dog. For kicks he barked back at the dog and was promptly busted for harassing a police officer's dog. (He was fined $25 and sentenced to four days in jail!)

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider

Latest cop goodie: A magnetic device to prevent hoods from shooting cops with their own guns is now on the market. A metal insert in the grip of the weapon has a moving part that will block the trigger operation unless the shooter wears a special magnetic ring on his finger. Only when the ring comes within an inch of the trigger, can the gun be fired.

Speaking of gimmicks: Crocker Bank is now using money bags that will explode and spew red dye and tear gas all over hold-up men who grab a bag and run. The bags explode electronically after the heisters have left the bank (they don't want dye all over the insides of the joint).

Are ya ready for this? In Wisconsin you can now pay your traffic fines right on the spot—provided you have a Master Charge credit card! The cop carries a hand credit card imprinter to take care of the transaction.

Cop games: A "plainclothes" narc car whipped past another unmarked cop car while chasing a suspect. The second unmarked car immediately started chasing the first one. They finally crashed into each other when the narc car crashed into a civilian car, dusting an 80-year-old dude.

Ever wonder where your tax dollars go? Well, for one thing, the army in Germany rents Volkswagens at $4,300 per year each—while the purchase price for one is only $2,200.

Leg-wettin' fact file: The average person swallows 585 times a day and little dogs can hear a helluvalot better than big dogs.

If you're gonna go down on a mama, remember that a man's sense of smell tends to peak at around 11:45 a.m. Oh, and don't forget that the average chicken has 9,000 feathers.

A lot of fuckin' goin' on: A single pair of flies starting to screw in April could produce enough offspring by August (assuming they all lived) to cover the entire earth with a layer of flies 47 feet deep! ■

WORDMONGER

Cover Girl

☐ On the cover of your September issue, you guys really outdid yourselves! Where do you dudes find talent like her? She's got to be the most beautiful chick I've ever had the pleasure of laying the old eyeballs on!

Rick Bachman
Norfolk, Va.

Digs Dusty

☐ A few issues back you featured a nice piece of ass called Dusty. I just got October's leg-wettin' issue. On the cover is a piece of shit in white pants laying on a nice bike. Wise up.

Disgusted
Augusta, Maiie

■ Hey, how about givin' some slack to us ass men?

A Conclusion

☐ I was just sittin' here thinking and came to the conclusion that you guys are full of shit.

Speed
Menard, Ill.

■ No shit?

Bad Taste

☐ Your rag is great. It's your taste that sucks. I refer to "The Game" (Issue #40). It really put my ol' man on a bad trip. He's in the joint, and it takes a lot of letters to keep him convinced that he'll get out. Then you assholes come along and print that shit.

Cat
Lynn, Mass.

Ins and Outs

☐ "The Ins and Outs of Getting Off" is probably the first down-to-earth article on getting a buzz that I have ever read. The only two things I didn't agree on were PCP (it's a fantastic buzz although it rots your brain and should be steered clear of) and eating spiders (I wouldn't mind eating Spider though).

Hot Tongue
New York, N.Y.

■ Spider says he's ready.

Nitrous Oxide Facts

☐ I just read "The Ins and Outs of Getting Off." Here, around the South Bay, we used to get N_2O (nitrous-oxide, laughing gas) in the large economy size, and I want to clue you in on a couple of things that aren't in the article. N_2O can be dangerous if you get careless. If you breathe it steadily for long periods without any fresh air, you suffocate, just like with CO_2. This happened a while back to some dopes tripping in a Volks at a local drive-in. If you're in a room (or even an entire house), open a window, or a long heavy gas party may wind up as a mass funeral. N_2O is especially heavy if toked with some good weed. (The gas won't explode or burn.)

One more trip—you can toke the gas legally as long as you're not administering it to someone else. The gas is an anesthetic, and a doctor is the man who administers it legally. If you aren't a doc and get caught, it's a federal rap.

Keep those informative stories coming.

Popeye
Chula Vista, Calif.

Afraid Of Bikers

☐ For a while now a lot of ladies I know and I have been reading **Easyriders** because we thrill to the sight of the men and their **gorgeous** bikes. We've all reached the age of consent, like a lot of action, etc., but one thing is definitely hanging us up. We're scared shitless of bikers!

We know that our fears go back to the fact that parents warn their hot young daughters about bikers (and everything else in life that's fun too), but also when you say things like "Next time your ol' lady cuts you off, stomp her."

We're into good times and could give a good daddy anything his heart desires (or any part of his body, for that matter). But are there any bikers out there who are also into laying back and being served a good home-cooked organic meal?

Sherrie
Willows, Calif.

■ We all are, b-a-b-y.

Digs Solari

☐ "CB Riders" was about the funniest fuckin' story I've ever read.

Hog
San Jose, Calif.

☐ **Ssst-crack!** "CB Riders" was a righteous piece of writing. Keep it up, J.J., good buddy. "Ten-four!"

Papa Creed
U.S.S. J.F.K.

Somebody Goofed

☐ You fucked up again, you dumb fuckers. You printed a picture backward in your October issue. It's the one sent in by Quicksilver, Hartsville, Ind. The picture is backward, just like all of you fuckers. See if you can print this letter frontward.

Easy Rider
Oceanside, Calif.

.sekatsim ekam reven eW ■

Hairy Armpits

☐ Why don't you show photos of girls (preferably blondes) with hairy armpits? Not much hair, but just enough so I can flip my minnow.

Bob "Chiclet" Gumm
Milwaukee, Wis.

Fair Is Fair

☐ Hey, I just want to know how this idea grabs you fuckers out there. Since the FBI, CIA, and the military are breaking into our homes and offices and spying on us for our own benefit, don't you think it only fair if we break into their homes and offices and spy on them for their own benefit? After all, most streets are two-way.

Rapid Robert
Lincoln, Nebr.

■ Not when it comes to The Man.

We're Saved

☐ Sometime when you guys get your hands on a Bible, take a look at Romans 10:9-10 (Chapter 10, verses 9 & 10). "If you believe, you shall be born again."

P.O.
Oswego, N.Y.

■ In a Harley manual?

Bad Weather

☐ I want to protest this fuckin' northeast weather. I spend 6½ out of 7 days smokin' homegrown and reading your mag and ½ day smokin' homegrown and riding my pan.

Wings
Pen Argyl, Pa.

Swastikas

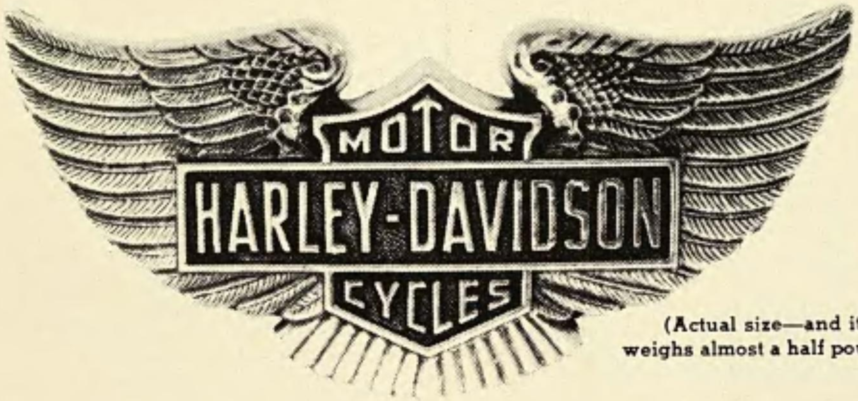
☐ For your information, the swastika is older than the Germans. It was ripped off the Buddha of the ancient orientals. It was also used by the ancient Egyptians. It is still used today as a Buddhist symbol.

Pancacke
Dallas, Texas

☐ Pat Garrett, you're full of shit! I've copied a definition and a very condensed history of the swastika from a New Standard Encyclopedia. Read it, you silly shithead, then you'll understand just how full of shit you really are!

Don't give a cheap copy for Christmas, give the original—not a hack copy!

Give 'em the Righteous buckle



(Actual size—and it weighs almost a half pound)

—absolutely the very best! Ask the man who owns one.

They say that the sincerest form of flattery is imitation—well bullshit. An imitation is just that—an imitation. Copies have been reproduced from our buckle, but in doing so they lost all the fine, crisp detail contained in our buckle.
The imitations are also produced more cheaply and show it—but the only way you'll know is by comparing the copy with an original.

A huge, man's size buckle that is made from expensive dies for intricate detail. Photo shown is actual size—solid metal, weighs almost a half pound.

Each buckle is individually made and is triple bronze or silver plated for a lifetime of rugged wear. Each is individually hand polished.

Each buckle comes with a 1¾"-wide belt, handmade from the finest cowhide we could find. A dark brown belt is sent with bronze buckle orders and a black belt is sent with all silver buckle orders—unless you request otherwise.

Send $15.95 along with accurate waist size and state whether you want a bronze or a silver buckle.

This buckle is of the same high quality as the Righteous buckle you have already received. If you want only a buckle, just send $10.00 and state whether you want a silver or bronze buckle.

Now you can get a universal buckle. It will fit any 1¾-inch wide belt. All you gotta do is say that's the one you want when ordering. No extra cost.

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They're for pierced ears and each earring is solid bronze with either 22K Gold or Sterling Silver electroplate. That means quality like you gotta have. It's far past the governments dumb specs.

The very intricate detail is damn near unreal. You can even go down on these with a glass and find more.

They're available in either post or dangly, so when you order specify Gold or Silver, post or dangly and how many. The post type even makes a bitchin' lapel pin or tie tack, or add a chain to a dangly and you've got one trick pendant.

Cost is only $8.00 each or $15.00 per pair. Yup…you read it right. That's so cheap for real Gold or Silver I tried to get 'em to raise the price. I got told to shut-up an' just do my thing, that Bare Essentials wasn't rippin' off no scoot folk.

They'll even give you your bucks back immediately if you ain't satisfied. So order now and fill that hole in your ear with somethin' bitchin'.

ACTUAL SIZE
GOLD OR SILVER
POST OR DANGLY
Dealers inquire on letterhead.

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Box 4725 • Long Beach, CA 90804

"**Swastika** (swos'-ti-ka), a symbolic or ornamental design. It is a Greek cross with right-angle extensions, usually added in a clockwise direction, to each of the four equal arms. The swastika as an ornament or sun symbol is found on ancient Greek pottery and in Egyptian designs. In the East and Middle East it has often been a good luck or religious symbol. Some American Indians used the counterclockwise form. Hitler made the swastika a symbol of Nazi Germany. Its use there was banned in 1945."

Claude L. White
APO New York

☐ The swastika has been used to symbolize the four corners of the earth, the four winds, the harmony of the universe, good luck, man's harmony with nature, the four elements: earth, wind, water, and fire, and a host of other things that have nothing to do with racism and so-called White Power.

Steven Gottfried
Denver, Colorado

☐ I'd like to pass on a little info concerning Pat Garrett's question in the June issue and maybe clarify some of the haze surrounding the controversy about swastikas and German insignia.

If some of these assholes would read up on Hitler's Reich and the Aryan philosophy, they could possibly savvy being proud of being a White Man. The swastika (a cross with all the arms bent at right angles) represents the continuance of the Supreme Race, **white,** dig?

So don't identify a German emblem with a long dead war. Be proud of your race. Don't compromise! Be White!

Tom Sublett
Fresno, Calif.

☐ As for this shit about Nazism/Racism, well hell, why don't you join the rest of the motherfuckers in the Ku Klux Klan? You will all love one another. The rest of Dave Rust's letter (issue #39) is total crap. If you bikers think it's rough living under the American flag, you wouldn't survive a week under either the Nazi or the Communist flags. No bikers such as you would be allowed to exist under a Nazi dictatorship. To say anything else is totally unrealistic.

A Realistic Head
P. C., Fla.

Two Tokes For Rust

☐ With only a pen in hand, Dave Rust hit a total grand slam out of the park on the Nazi and White Power issue.

It seems as though Blacks can wear or display black power emblems, Chicanos theirs, etc., etc. But when the White Man wants to show his pride, somebody's bullwhipping him!

Engines off to Brother Dave Rust!

Trump
Spokane, Wash.

Happy About Frequency

☐ My ol' man and I are enthusiastic readers of your outasight rag and salute you all for making the "supreme sacrifice" (partying, doping, and balling) to put out your rag once a month.

Ralph
Rantoul, Ill.

■ We would sooner have slid down a giant razor blade than go monthly—but whatdafuck.

☐ If it was up to me, you fuckers would be puttin' out this righteous rag two times a week!

The Tennessee Gimlet
Memphis, Tenn.

☐ I dig on the idea of once a month, but I hope it doesn't ruin the fine work—rushin' to get it out.

Wicked
Kaufman, Texas

■ It won't. We ordered more raisin pies and hired more scooter tramps—and got a supply of you know what.

Wants to Model

☐ Could you guys use some models? I sure would enjoy it and would pose for nothing. I've always dreamed of being in **Easyriders.**

Judy Kucharski
Dayton, Ohio

■ We're **always** lookin' for models. Chicks can send sample photos to Gorilla, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

Digs AMF

☐ I just read this horseshit, by the guy who says he works on bowling machines, in the September issue. I had to put my copy of **Easyriders** down and have my ol' lady write this letter. I am sick and fucking tired of people bad-mouthing AMF. I own a '73 shovelhead and a '69 trike, both built after AMF got into the scene. Both of them are excellent motorcycles.

West Side Mike
San Jose, Calif.

He Loves Us

☐ I'm a plumber, and I just ran across your mag. I want to thank you for showing me there is something worse than a toiletful of five days of shit.

Brown Fingers
Olympia, Wash.

Outlaw Down

☐ I am a member of the American Outlaw Association. I have just been sentenced to die in the electric chair. (I was sentenced in Sanford, Florida.)

I want to tell all my bros I am okay and that I love you all. I am not guilty of the charges I am in prison for. My bros got a good attorney for me, and my case is on appeal.

Crazy Joe

Honda Freak

☐ I've been reading your rag for a year, and I think it's great. But I'd like to know one thing. Almost all your issues have only Harleys in them. They're great, but what about Hondas? They're good too. So for all the dudes who ride them, let's have some news on Hondas.

D. Bransum
Indianapolis, Ind.

Someone Goofed

☐ I'm sitting here in the Oregon pen, smoking a joint, trippin' on your September rag (rehabilitating), of course. Anyway, I turned to the page with the picture illustrating "Nothin' Left To Lose." I can see why the cat is bummed out. I would be too if I had a pan with the push rods

Give a mindblower for Christmas!

If you have read **Easyriders** for any length of time, you are aware of Robinson's works of art. They are meant to be cartoons, but anyone with an eye can see all of the work he puts into his illustrations (we feel they're too good to be called cartoons).

If you're familiar with his work, you also know how outrageous his drawings are — and you've only seen the ones we've had guts enough to feature — you should see the rejects!

Well, now you can — in a large (**144** page, $8\frac{1}{2}$ x 11) book! You not only get to see the rank, outrageous rejects that even **Easyriders** couldn't print, but you will also be able to see all of the best of those we have published — only this time they're printed larger than when they appeared in the magazine (so you can see the nitty-gritty detail — where he does all kinds of little things that usually pass over people's heads).

We want to warn you — like his Christmas cards — some of the drawings are really rank. Gross might be a better description.

But if you want a far-out book to keep around to blow people's minds, or to get hung-up on when loaded, or to split a gut over the fantastic humor — you'd better get this book.

It's printed on top quality paper for perfect reproduction — it's a great book — but remember, it's not for the squeamish — and also remember that you have been warned!

Order Robinson's **Trash** now
— and in time for Christmas.

Book
Easyriders Magazine
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

Send me ______ copies of Robinson's book called **Trash.** Enclosed you will find $5.95 for each copy plus 50¢ for postage.

You must be 18 years of age to order this book.

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Name________________

Address________________

City________ State________ Zip______

Immediate Delivery

and cam cover on the wrong side. Looks like something AMF fucked up.

Name Withheld

Problems, Problems

☐ I saw the letter from "Easy" in the September issue and decided to try Aunt Molly. Well, I couldn't get a goddam popcorn bag so I figured what the hell. A bread bag would work just as well. Then I didn't have any Vaseline so I opted for 90-weight. I didn't have any hot water so I had to heat my wash rag by setting it on fire. That melted the plastic bag so I ended up with a crank that looks like it got napalmed. I don't see anything so "neat neat neat" about that. So will you: (a) Get your September cover girl to kiss it and make it well, since I never would've tried that shit if she hadn't got to me, or (b) send me Easy's address so I can let him know that he and his trip ain't shit, or (c) both of the above?

Sneaky Pete
Florence, Ariz.

Chick Biker

☐ I was sitting on the can, reading your rag, and when I hit the letter from the chick who wanted to start an all-chicks outlaw club, I had a good bowel movement, to put it mildly.

I'm a chick riding my own scoot, and I've had it up to my cute little tits with the assholes who think I'm gay just because of my bike. That includes "bikers" who give me shit when I pull up and walk into a bar. I have to be a loner because of the tunnel-visioned motherfuckers who in this day and age don't realize a chick can get off just as much as a dude when she has a bike under her and her own hand on the throttle. After all, fellas, how would you like to sit on the back seat all the time? And just because she has her own doesn't mean she's gay.

That little chickie back in Florida who wants no sissies in her outlaw gang can eat my shorts. I'll save what's in them for men, when and if I ever find one who doesn't have his head (or dick, whichever it is you all think with) up his exhaust pipe.

Debbie
Stockton, Calif.

Keep It Sleazy

☐ To all the people, scribes, mamas, flick freaks, tramps, brew belchers, and all the other high-class help: Just got your #40 rag. Outrageous! If you guys continue to upgrade **Easyriders,** you're gonna end up real high class, and I'm gonna start feeling **respectable** carrying your rag around. That's no good; keep it sleazy!

Larry Borshard
Califon, N.J.

Chick Biker

☐ There's more to a chick than tits and a pussy. And far more to biking than some dude carting you around with your life in his hands just for a few cheap thrills. Why don't you write about biker chicks who have their own machines, or is it too emasculating? I have two bikes of my own and can be as bad-assed as any of the dudes on the road. It doesn't take a three-piece set to ride your own bike, just a little bit of macho and a lot of heart.

G. B.
Bronx, N.Y.

Thanks

☐ I would like to express my deepest thanks to the two brothers who helped me on the road after I flipped my scoot. Although I came through with only cuts and burns and a lot of hurt feelings for goin' down, I'll never forget the concern they showed for me and my bike. It's good to know that there are still some good bros left in Oklahoma.

Randy Lerny
Muskogee, Okla.

Not Sophisticated?

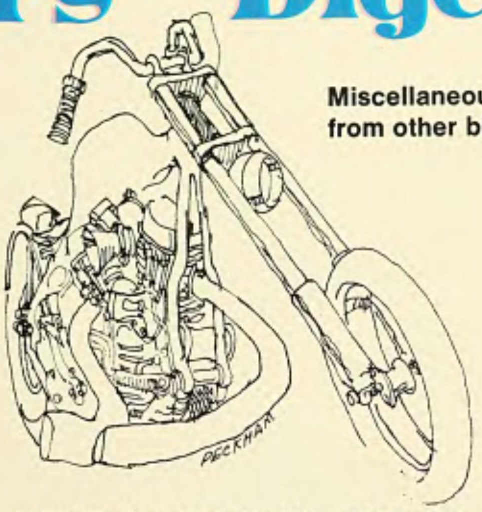
☐ I have never considered **Easyriders** to be a sophisticated magazine, but I have enjoyed it when I could find it because until now I felt it was no-bullshit and honest and not the typical printed rip-off.

M. Beck
Laramie, Wyo.

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about their mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the—back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. ■

"Ya want in, ladies? The one who lets the loudest fart wins all the money!"

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

You can beat the rap . . .

Speeding tickets getting you down? You can beat the rap—if you're smart enough. Engineer Stan Brown, written up for 61 mph in a 55-mph zone, felt sure he was reading 55 on the speedometer when the California Highway Patrol pulled him over.

His answer, an illustrated technical presentation in court, impressed the judge so much that Brown won a dismissal. The key elements of his defense: There can be nearly 20 percent correlated error (or 6.7 percent uncorrelated) between what an operator thinks his speed is and what it really is. The majority of error is owing to his equipment.

Standard methods of officially calibrating speedometers offer a chance for more than 8 percent error. Tire pressure changes—over- and under-inflation and temperature variations—can cause errors of up to 5.65 percent in either direction.

Instrument parallax, or error caused by the angle relationship of the operator's eye to the speedometer needle to the speedometer card, can produce the illusion that the needle is in front of a number when it really is not. The speedometer will appear to read lower if the eye is to the right of the needle. On a small instrument these errors can be significant.

—Joe Parkhurst
Cycle World

Writing letters . . .

When the AMA was lobbying in Washington, D.C., regarding H.R. 3869, the bill which would remove the power of the federal Department of Transportation to withhold funds from states for not enacting or for repealing mandatory helmet laws for motorcyclists 18 years of age and older, the staffs of many federal legislators told AMA representatives that letters from motorcyclists considerably aided their congressmen in deciding how to vote. Letters do make a difference and, obviously, good ones are more effective than poor ones.

—AMA News

Digs AMF . . .

One of AMF's main objectives since they purchased Harley-Davidson was to build a better bike. The best way to get this plan into action was to build a better factory, which they have done. The main reason you can now buy a better bike is because great changes have been made in quality control at the H-D plants. Every engine is dyno-tested before it goes on the assembly line and you can feel and hear the difference. The engine is both smoother and quieter.

—Steve Stillwell
Street Chopper

Praise from the straights . . .

The *Wall Street Journal* did an editorial titled "One Small Victory for De-Regulation" which commented "While it is disgraceful that the riders had to go to so much time and trouble to protect themselves from a cavalier bureaucracy, the outcome gives us some reason for optimism . . . If a group of politically inconsequential young people can vanquish an entrenched bureaucracy (and the direct economic interests of the helmet manufacturers), there may indeed be some hope for unbinding the coils of regulation."

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

Big Brother . . .

. . . Safety Belt Use Laws: Under this option the current standard would be extended and, according to Coleman, Congress would have to enact a new traffic safety standard which would empower the Department of Transportation to pressure the states to have safety belt use laws. Coleman explained that while this option could lead to immediate large-scale safety benefits, recent "Congressional actions rescinding . . . the ignition-interlock system and motorcycle helmet laws demonstrate that the American people are opposed to requirements which substantially interfere with personal behavior in the name of safety."

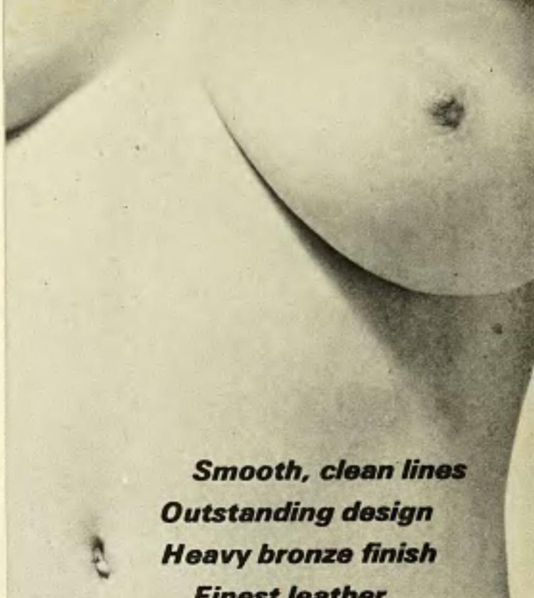
—Insurance Institute

Sneaky, sneaky . . .

By the end of 1976, California will have completed its four-year conversion to its new drivers license, a license that tends to discourage alteration and counterfeiting. Merchants are now confronted with the task of educating and encouraging their employees to make use of the security offered by the licenses.

The new color photograph driver licenses are covered with a retro-reflective security "film" that contains hidden images of the official California seal. The seals become visible on the face of the license when the license is viewed with a special hand-held or counter-top viewer. If the license has been tampered with, the areas that have been changed will show up as black lines or smudge marks.

—Dealer News



Each buckle is individually produced. It is solid metal and is triple bronze plated for a lifetime of tough wear.

Intricate detail of design on face of buckle is sharp and clear. Buckle is 2⅛" in diameter, and almost ¼" thick.

Belts are hand-made from strongest, finest cowhide we could find. Belt is 1¾" wide and is available in either dark brown or black.

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

Send $12.50, plus 50¢ for insurance and postage, along with accurate waist size, and color of belt desired to:
(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

Righteous Products
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FIRST BAN

DEALER'S CHOICE

By Kol Kola

Behind him, carefully stashed in the roadbag secured to the sissy-bar, were the last few, unsold pieces of Indian jewelry, eleven thousand dollars in small bills and a solid brick of superior weed.

It had been a very fine month, making the rounds of all the swap meets and flea markets throughout the states of Washington and Oregon. Dealer Prawn's smirk widened into a happy grin as he wondered just which he had peddled the most of—turquoise or grass, one providing a legal front for the other.

Now he was returning to L.A. for a week of R&R before jammin' out across Nevada and Arizona with fresh supplies to make more profitable sales in those areas. It sure as hell beats workin' fer a goddam

—Continued on page 75

Illustration by Todd Hallowell

The Reformation of Buzzard

By John Watson

Buzzard shut off the ignition on his scoot and coasted the last half-block down the street to his pad, weaving crazily as he turned into the dirt drive, trying to be quiet so Linda wouldn't wake up and know what time he was getting home.

He parked the bike beside the house, covering it carefully with the tarp reserved for that purpose, then walked, as softly and carefully as his inebriated condition would allow, to the back door.

Locked! He cursed softly, then went around to the front of the house and tried that door. It was locked too, and a glance told him that the windows were securely fastened. There were no lights on in the house, but that was not so strange. It was just coming up on six o'clock in the morning, and Buzzard had been out partying all night with his brothers and their ol' ladies, talking bikes, racing, and parties and runs of times past. It had been a great evening.

A few times, during the long night of drinking, he'd wished for Linda to be with him, but there had been so many distractions—so many little sweeties to grab hold of or who clung to him—that Linda had not been long on his mind.

Buzzard loved Linda, there was no doubt in his mind, or anyone's, for that matter, although Linda often accused him of loving his bike, his pals, and other girls much more than he loved her. She'd been good to him, he remembered, as he sat down heavily on the porch to await the dawn. They had been together a long time, and she had waited for him faithfully both times he had been in the county jail. She had bought parts for his bike, worked hard as a waitress, tried to save money and tried even harder to ignore his drinking and carrying on, but there were times, he knew, when he put a genuine strain on their relationship. Many times she'd threatened to leave him for things such as he'd done tonight, but he had managed to sweet-talk her out of it with tenderness and the very special kind of lovemaking that he knew she enjoyed. This time she was *really* pissed, he knew, because it was the first time she'd ever locked him out of the house.

Buzzard grinned as he toppled over on his side and sleep overcame him. Someday, he thought, I'll make it all up to her. He giggled sleepily and drunkenly. Maybe I'll even sell my bike and reform.

Flies buzzed him awake, tickling his eyes and the corners of his mouth where he had drooled in sleep. The sun glared into his face, making his eyes water, and when he sat up quickly, brushing at his face, his head exploded in pain and a thousand lights. He could feel his brain sloshing around as though it had shrunk while he slept.

The front door was open now, and he could hear the sound of the vacuum cleaner humming inside the house. Buzzard groaned and put his hands over his head to shut out the sound.

Aside from being strikingly beautiful, Linda was an immaculate housekeeper. Never once had he had to eat her ass out for letting the pad get dirty or overrun with filled ashtrays or empty beer cans. He struggled to his feet and stumbled through the door.

"Hi, sweet baby," he mumbled, trying not to meet her eyes with his own.

"Don't 'sweet baby' me, you sonofabitch," Linda said, softly, but with vehemence. She flipped the vacuum cleaner off and began dusting the furniture. He touched her arm with his dirty hand as he headed for the kitchen to get some icewater, and was secretly delighted to see her nipples come suddenly erect against the thin material of her blouse. Pissed off or not, he thought, she ain't ever gonna leave anybody that does *that* to her.

He flopped down in a chair in the kitchen and chugalugged a quart of icewater. The fire in his stomach began to go out. Linda came into the kitchen and began making a pot of coffee. She fiddled at the stove, her back to him.

—Continued on page 72

Photo by Bo Sehlberg

EMERGENCY ROOM DOC SOUNDS OFF

The following came in as a letter to Wordmonger. We decided to give it more space, for we felt you'd be interested in the views of a biker who is also an emergency room doctor.—Editor.

Been wanting to sound off on some safety angles from the point of view of an emergency room doc for some time, and now that I am seeing hordes of people getting out on bikes, I'll throw in my two bits.

I am an emergency room doc; also I've been puttin' to the tune of 10-12 thousand miles a year for years. I've got asphalt rash (hit one stupid dog, got pogo'd by a busted sidestand spring—weird huh?), had a chop (that's another story), and have sewed up, plastered up, and pronounced more brothers than I like to think about. Here's what I've learned.

But first, I want to be sure I'm coming from the same place you are: biking is about freedom, pure and simple. Also, you can get killed out there.

I don't wear a helmet, but if I **knew** I was going down, I'd want one on. Not because their impact resistance is worth a damn, but because they are like a flat stone thrown on water: they help your head skip instead of splash. Believe me, man, there is nothing like looking into your brother's ear canal and finding his brains oozing out at you. Same thing goes for leathers: sure they save you rash, but most of all they get rid of that speed energy by sliding it off, instead of splatting. Neither will make much difference if you center-punch a car at seventy.

I know that **not** having a helmet has saved me a couple of times. Once, when a valve began to let go, I heard it and pulled the clutch **before** the motor seized and dumped my ass. Many other times I have heard the approach of some jerk behind or inside in time to take evasive action, and I still like to listen to my motor and drive line, 'cause you and I know that when one wheel locks, you got a balancing act without pay.

I have seen two neck fractures in the past five years that I think may have been caused by the back of the helmet levering into the back of a guy's neck when he landed on his forehead—but then, maybe their foreheads would have splatted without the lid, who knows? I don't wear a helmet mostly because of the freedom trip, but I might go along with mandatory use in the first year on the road.

Which leads me to why accidents happen. Whenever I get to meet an injured brother or sister, I always try to piece together what happened, and maybe you'd like to think about it from that angle.

First let me deal with the mechanical causes: they are few. Blown tires, and of all those only one brand has been represented in **my** experience. It's an English tire, front end type, and I hope to hell I don't get in trouble if I tell you its name doesn't begin with a D. There is a German tire usually put on back which doesn't blow, and gets great mileage, but it's slippery. To cover my ass, understand I'm not saying stay away from them, I'm just reporting my limited experience.

Most of the other causes relate to motor/chain seizure—for chrissake take a few minutes to take care of your chain. I have treated two tourers dumped by a shafty (two separate accidents) but I understand that problem was common in a particular model and has been fixed.

All the rest has been weird stuff — cracked frames, busted handlebar mounts, my side stand spring during a left turn—but these are rare causes.

What really causes accidents is unreal judgment. Now which of you can really say you've never started out of an intersection in your van or car, only to have to slam on your brakes 'cause you didn't see a brother on a scoot? What I'm saying is this: I got no idea why it's hard to see a scoot, but it is, that's a fact. And if you don't like Washington shovin' helmets on your head, stop for chrissake trying to force reality to change. From a car at an intersection, sometimes a bike is momentarily hidden when you glance left or right, behind the windshield post or a parked car or whatever. It is not intentional; they are not out to get you; and if you waste your goddam life energy whining for laws to compel motorists to see you, you are just trying to force reality to change, and believe me, you'll end up in some emergency room.

All of us on two wheels have to accept that the damn things are more dangerous than cars—hell, they won't even stand up unless they are moving or propped, so why make a fuss about another plainly evident fact when you are on your scoot, you are harder to see than another car.

Most accidents I've contacted were center punches, or shunts from cars turning left or right. Do I ride with the brightest headlight I can find on? You bet your ass; and an airhorn that sounds like the biggest mutha diesel truck offers not only good protection, but the look on their faces is worth the small hassle of hooking one up, when you let Granny at the intersection know someone **is** coming down the road.

Judgment comes only with time, miles, but it can be helped a lot by pointing out a few things, and better basic instruction. Don't ride fast into blind curves where you can't see the road surface or have time to stop—you never know when there is going to be sand, crap, lizards, or oil there. Ride through intersection areas with a hand on the brake. (By now you can brake and gas with the same hand, right? If you can't, learn how to roll the throttle while resting a couple of fingers on the brake.)

Here's another weirdie: Did you know that the polarizing type of sunglasses can hide an oil slick? Make the damn thing just disappear. Won't do it every time, but at the right angle, zap!

Back to the judgment bit. Sometimes I get the idea that a lot of people think if they take a few simple precautions that show they are getting the message from reality, somehow they won't be able to get it up, or their crank will shrink, or some other macho bullshit.

Now, I don't ride with a red safety vest, fairings, lid, crash bars—for me that would destroy the sense of freedom and looseness that gets me out there whenever I can go. But I know damn well that when that old man looks at me from the intersection—looks **right at** me—I know for sure that this is the one who will pull out, and say he never saw me. So I'm ready for that, and that's what keeps me alive for another day. Same thing goes for passing: sure as hell expect a left turn every time you pass—just means use your brains for something better than a battering ram. It won't mean you are any less a man.

If you want to fight the freedom and compulsion issue, I'm with you all the way. But you won't do it by confusing freedom, balls, and unrealistic judgment. We don't flout pointless authority by refusing to accept that scoots are hard to see, and refusing to take steps to increase their visibility. I don't mean putting a revolving flashing light on your dome; I mean using a bright headlight, having a really loud horn that can penetrate closed windows, stereos, air conditioners, and thick skulls, using both liberally to help our unenlightened brothers and sisters to see us, and then riding as if they can't see us anyway. Having a headlight on doesn't mean you are chickenshit; it means you know the bastards can't see you, and you want to inform them of your presence other than by denting their door with your body.

Last issue. Cafe bikers. Some guys get off on artfully matching speed, skill, and the road, like in fast skiing, and they've been doing it for years — whatever turns you on, right? But now there are a lot of kids out there, trying to let loose the same energies as you and I, but their skill doesn't match the requirements. Look out for them, because one of their favorite games is zapping you on the inside—use mirrors for them as well as the cops.

Well, one more thing. I have never treated anyone who got into an accident while high on weed, and believe me, I know when someone is stoned the same way you do. Alcohol and good bike handling just don't go together; I dig Coors same as you, but man, too much makes a hell of a mess in the emergency room.

That's it. Had to say in words, the message of the deaths of my brothers and yours that has not been heard by too many. Freedom is for the living—dig both of them in the way each needs it. ■

Photo by Bill Kaysings

BE EYES FOR ME, ANGIE
HALLOWELL

By Todd Hallowell

Dirty Ernie shouldn't have hit the dude. He was a slicked-back punk in a "Let's Boogie" T-shirt, but Ernie didn't need to put his lights out that bad. Still, the punk had started it, and we had finished it, with several local bandidos getting into the act besides. It was like a scene from a goddam late night western. Swinging from chandeliers, women screaming, glasses crashing, bones breaking. Cheap tequila sure makes you nasty.

We'd gone down for the weekend—Dirty Ernie, Willie, and me. A chance to do some camping and get away from the same old hangouts. Rough it, sleep under the stars—that healthy back-to-nature bullshit. They waved us through the border with no sweat, and we were in sunny Mexico before lunch. The road was pretty good, and the scooters were running fine, so we jammed for a good couple of hours before pulling off the road for gas and cold beer.

The beer gradually turned into tequila, and our stopping at all turned into a Big Mistake. The shit came down like I told you, all over a couple of dollars on the eight ball. We had really been kicking ass until the bartender, realizing his fire trap was quickly becoming firewood, began waving something that looked suspiciously like a twelve-gauge. After Willie took one last dropkick at someone's face, we all made for the parking lot. I was afraid the bartender might eventually figure out how to cock that thing. Someone might have gotten hurt.

The setting Mexican sun made the pavement sparkle and shimmer as I eased into fourth. Between the afternoon heat and liquid poison, riding was no cinch. I pulled ahead of Ernie and Willie, who were raucously singing old Chuck Berry tunes and weaving like madmen at seventy miles an hour.

Then I saw her. On the horizon, glistening white, in the middle of fucking nowhere was this woman like you've never seen. I mean unreal. She couldn't be a minute over eighteen—sleek and tan and squeezed into a t-shirt that was having real problems staying together.

"Should a gentleman offer a ride to a mirage?" I wondered drunkenly as I squeezed on the old mechanicals and came to a stop. Without saying a word she smiled like "What took you so long?" and slipped on behind me. No backpack, no suitcase, not even a toothbrush—just her sweet little self. About then the Vienna Choir boys showed up, blinking and shaking their heads, trying to focus on the blond vision behind me.

"That's Dirty Ernie and Willie," I said, suave demon that I am. "You got a name, sweetie?"

"Angie," she answered, smiling.

"Where you headed, Angie?" drooled Willie. She just pointed down the road and flashed that smile.

"Well, let's do it, damnit," grunted Ernie, obviously annoyed that I'd gotten there first.

We finally gave up on making it a long-distance haul and settled on building a small campfire just off the deserted road. Angie cooked what the old guy at the last stop had sworn were sausages and we washed them down with Mexican beer. Tasted all right to me, whatever they were. The stars were coming out, and we were feeling pretty smooth. The only sounds were from an occasional coyote and a truck rumbling somewhere in the distance.

Though she wasn't what you'd call talkative by any stretch, Angie was damn fine to be with and damn easy to look at. She quietly held the flashlight while I tightened up assorted bolts that had rattled loose during the day's run. Then without saying a word, she took the sleeping bag off my sissy bar and spread it out by the fire, away from the others. I was glad she had the sleeping arrangement figured the same way I did.

Willie was just launching into yet another "How I out-maneuvered the motorcycle cop" saga when a gunshot shattered the silence. Willie's head snapped back, and he stood motionless for a second before stumbling backward into the campfire.

Instantly I realized that those assholes from that bar, or maybe their buddies, were hunting gringo. Guess we'd messed them up worse than we'd thought.

They were firing from several directions now—yellow flashes in the night. Ernie sprinted for his bike but never made it. Clutching his belly, he splattered to the dirt and rolled over once. His body twitched as the darkness pumped two more rounds into him. As I turned my head to look for Angie, I felt a streak of pain crease the bridge of my nose. My eyes burned and blurred as hot blood covered my face. I remembered Vietnam as I spun to the dirt and unconsciousness.

I was surprised to hear Angie's voice, since it meant I wasn't dead.

"Skeeter," she whispered. "Skeeter?" Like she was calling someone far away.

"Hey, Angie," I slurred. "You all right?"

"Just a couple of scratches," she answered softly.

When I tried to open my eyes, the pain was fucking incredible. A narrow squint was all I could manage, and even that was sheer agony.

"It's morning," she answered before I could ask the question. "I used my t-shirt for bandages and you finally stopped bleeding, but your eyes look terrible. Willie and Ernie are dead."

Willie and Ernie dead? I shook my bandaged head slowly, trying to make it sink in. Lying in the Mexican desert, covered with my own blood, my eyes welded shut, in the arms of a beautiful woman, with my two best friends lying in pieces a couple of feet away. There was only one thing I could ask. "Hey, Angie, is my scooter okay?"

"Yeah, I think so," she replied, helping me to my unsteady feet. Bertha, beautiful Bertha, my trusty knuckle, fired on the second kick. At least you can count on something. My mother used to tell me that the only things you could count on were paying taxes and dying. Well, so far I'd cheated both of those, but a knucklehead is one thing you can really count on.

Anyway—run your head through a meat grinder sometime, squint real hard, and then try and ride your goddam bike. That's a rough idea of how I felt. I could make out blurry shapes and distances, but that was all. It was mainly Angie's sweet voice in my ear that kept me going. "Pull to the left, Skeeter, you're gonna run off the shoulder" or "You're doing fine, we're gonna make it."

The heat was already coming up and I knew that I couldn't ride much farther.

"Skeeter," she whispered, "there's a gas station coming up on the left, where we bought those sausages. There's a camper stopped there with Arizona plates and a Harley decal. They'll help us out."

"A guardian angel couldn't have gotten me through this better, sweetheart," I said as the gas station came into focus. She didn't answer. I shut off my scooter and stumbled up to the dude and his ol' lady as they were filling the camper's tank.

"The bastards ambushed us," I tried to explain. "They blew away my bros, but we made it alive. Can you get us to a doctor?"

"Oh, Jesus," gasped the dude's ol' lady. "The poor bastard must think she's alive."

"She ain't been alive in quite a while," he answered, "but we better get him some help."

I could feel myself blacking, but I turned for a second as the lights went out. Angie was slumped against the sissy bar with the better part of her chest blown away. What was left of her blond head was hanging from two half-severed tendons that had once been her neck. Her mouth was frozen in that same damn smile and I knew there was no explaining. ■

Illustration by Todd Hallowell

Who is going to obey the law, if the cops don't?

HELMETS AND THE MAN

Some strange things are happening in this country, bro. With all the helmet laws forced on us ordinary citizens it's peculiar as hell that an all-knowing government apparently fails to include many of its own employees.

When a so-called safety law has been passed, it should also be enforced upon those most closely associated with the government which enacted the law.

Strictly for their own good, of course.

Check out the cycle-riding cops in your state and you may discover that many law enforcement agencies aren't requiring their employees to adorn their precious skulls with the approved, standardized (and dangerous) helmets legally imposed upon the rest of us slobs.

Are cops exempt from the specifications set by the DOT? And, if so, *how* did they obtain this enviable immunity? Or do they simply believe their heads are harder?

Here's another mind-blower. Many meter-maids and other cops riding 3-wheelers aren't burdened with wearing a helmet. Yet, let a sled tramp putt along on a trike without a helmet strapped on his gourd and he risks an almost certain citation for riding bareheaded.

To those of you living in states which are still burdened by helmet-laws: Look around! It's a head-twister. Not only does it show flagrant disregard for the law; but it must mean that many governmental agencies just don't believe the criteria and guides (and bullshit) promulgated by other Big Brother organizations—phew! ■

— Photo by Brian

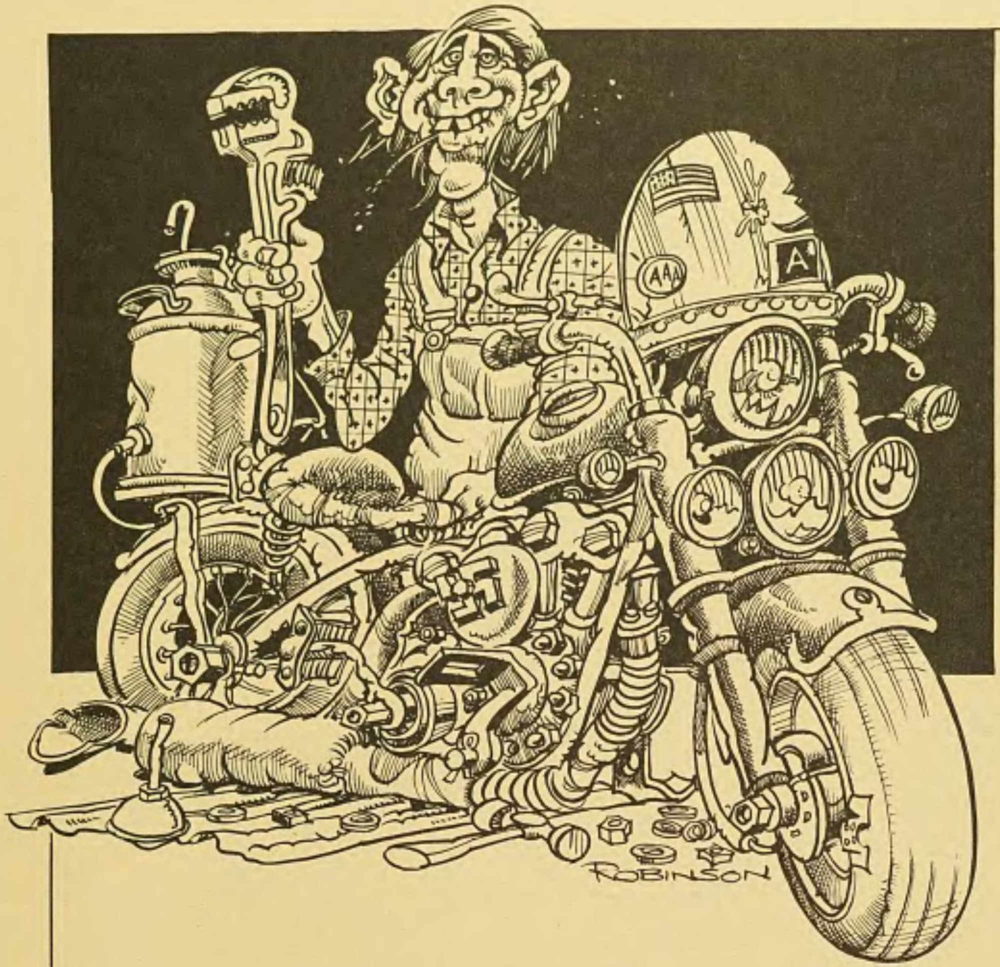


Illustration by Hal Robinson

IT CAN BE FIXED?

Beat and Brokedown, but there's a solution

I had just pulled away from 100 miles of uninhabited mountains tall enough to make an F-101 pilot wonder whether he could clear the jagged peaks. Momentarily relieved after leaving the winding roads that could almost kink a snake, I spotted the 75-mile-wide desert I was entering—bleak. The last sign of civilization I spotted was a billboard stating that the next services were 50 miles farther along.

Although the sun was on its way out for the day it was still an impressive 110° in the shade of a scorched, two-foot-high cactus plant—the only growth around. The putt was becoming a taste apprehensive and my map had blown overboard some mountain ranges back. The 75mph oven breeze had the desert sand working its way through my paint job to the primer below. My eyes peered intently through glasses so sandblasted that it was like searching for the details of a nude woman's figure through a shower door.

About 30 miles into the sand, it happened. I heard the sound of a fuse burning through the sheets of sand whistling past my scoot. Except, unlike a firecracker fuse, it continued to hiss while my eyes end ears fought to find the source. Just as they did, the bike quit. I caught the last three or four inches of insulation burning feverishly toward my battery and, suddenly, like an electrical fuse, the wire turned red hot, melted, and fell apart. The predicament left me just enough time before total night fell to discover that the main battery wire to my ignition switch had shorted. And no smiling moon replaced the blistering sun. I couldn't even make out my pan, let alone find the scorched wire. And since I had no spare wire anywhere, trying to fix it would be. . . well, you get the idea.

Ah, but like a flick of my Bic, I had a flash. While I was stranded, I would think up an article on how to makeshift—fix a bike on the road. Something like using hairpins or paper clips for cotterkeys. Or the art of wrapping a fuse with tin foil to keep the circuit alive. I began to reminisce about the times I had used part STP and part 30-weight oil to keep my oil supply up. Or using a hose clamp or busted bedspring to replace a cracked or broken bracket. I remembered distant tales of patching tires with bubble gum. As my weary eyelids got heavy and I began to fall asleep, the ideas became more obscure. Carving hunks of wood to wedge in leaky holes to prevent a busted crankcase from going dry. . . . My tired back slid off my rear tire and I landed, eyes shut, in the soft sand.

Startled, I awoke the next morning with a mouth full of sand for breakfast, a tarantula to share my meal with, and the intense morning sun staring down at me. The lumbering spider took off as I spat the warm grains back to the earth. I sat up, hoping to be across the street from a shiny new gas station. No way. If it hadn't been for the highway splitting the sea of sand, I could've sworn I was on the moon.

I stood up and stretched my creakin' bones. I gazed down at my sand-blasted bike and the blistered wire. Then I spotted something stiff and valuable lying just under my ancient panhead. For some reason beer cans and coat hangers can always be found along highways. Inspired by my discovery, I wired my bike temporarily with the hanger. Insulated it with paper and spare gas tubing and was on my way.

Suppose it just goes to show that, with a little imagination, a scooter can be made to keep going no matter what happens—I hope.

—Haystack

MENUDO

Those who are aware of the "life saving" properties of menudo (men-yoó-doh) swear that it's the ultimate hangover cure. In the Spanish sections of Los Angeles, for example, large menudo signs pop up in the windows of cafes every Friday. You can scarf it there or you can take it home by the quart — for those special emergencies. —Spider

2 calves' feet
6 quarts water
5 pounds tripe
3 cups hominy
3 onions (minced)
4 cloves garlic (minced)
1 tablespoon oregano
2 teaspoons cilantro
Salt and pepper

Wash calves' feet. You might as well wash your own while you're at it. Add water and cook for 1 hour (not your feet). At this point it's best to have a joint. If you have any beer left, you'd better have one while you wash the tripe.Cut the tripe into pieces about one by two inches and add to calves' feet. Add onion and garlic, add spices which have been tied in a cheesecloth bag or a clean sock. Let this mess simmer for six or seven hours. Go out for more beer. Do you still have a hangover? The proper way to serve this tasty dish is with minced green onions and minced mint leaves. Or you can use it in your tranny. This recipe serves twelve humans or six bikers, and no bullshit, man, it's **great** for a hangover. *(Pigs' feet can be substituted for calves', if any fuzz is around.)*

Dedicated to Freedom of the Road

ABATE

Does the DOT have its shit together at all?

We all know that ignorance of the law is no excuse—gets you busted. We also know that if we forget our license and go for a putt or miss a new equipment law we get ticketed. But if The Man blows it—nothing! And he can blow it in a bad way as we all know—still nothin'. Here's another example.

Bob Wright, sales manager of Los Angeles Helmet House, charged the federal government with creating confusion in the helmet safety field.

"Before the DOT got into the standards end of business, there were Snell and Z90," he said. "The riders knew Snell was for the competition rider or the highly critical buyer, and Z90 was the industry standard. DOT stuck in its nose and didn't organize it properly. Its standards only deal with medium-sized helmets. When customers find out the DOT labels are not in the small and large helmets, you cannot explain why it's not there."

Seems Some Groups Want Bikers to Wear Uniforms

Many of our members can recall days when every effort was made by family type motorcyclists to maintain an image that disproved the idea that anyone riding a motorcycle was in some way connected with outlaw clubs.

Perhaps the most important effort was in the direction of apparel. Clubs devised vests and complete uniforms as remote as possible from the garb associated with the outlaw clubs. Bright vinyls and leather appeared as club riders' "colors," and complete uniforms often related to military or police type apparel. Most family type riders still prefer the clean-cut appearance this sort of clothing provides.

In recent years the outrider has also adopted his own uniform and/or vest. This often much resembles club-type uniforms, and these riders take pride in the neatness and design of their apparel, which again reflects the fact that they, as family type riders, are helping prove that most motorcyclists have no connection with outlaw groups.

It has recently been openly discussed that a few of our younger, newer riders, perhaps not aware of the discrimination against motorcycles that the older members have helped fight, are now appearing in somewhat dishevelled clothing that too closely resembles the appearance a generation before had tried so hard to overcome in defending our type of motorcycling. Dirty T-shirts under grimy cut-off jackets, and greasy levis, are not exactly the uniform a rider wears if he expects to stand up for best-dressed rider; neither is this the outfit designed to stand out and differentiate the rider out to prove he is not interested in outlaw-type clubs or activities.

Granted, the "levi-look" is currently fashionable, but this new-look also stresses cleanliness.

One of the reasons for certain clubs defying S.R.R.A. policy was to discourage those riders whose visual image relates too closely to that of outlaw riders. It behooves these riders to adapt and adopt an appearance which can clearly describe them as individualists—without the stigma of an outlaw appearance.

Let's keep our image sharp—and clean!

—from Sierra Road Riders Association's **News**

City OKs change in helmet law

Motorcycle riders between the ages of 16 and 21 soon will be able to ride without a helmet in Wichita.

City commissioners voted unanimously this morning to change the local helmet ordinance to match the state law.

Commissioners instructed City Manager Gene Denton to prepare an ordinance that will be considered at a later meeting.

Wichita's ordinance, effective since July 1, says only cyclists over 21 can ride without protective headgear. Kansas law states riders 16 and older are not required to wear helmets.

Both Kansas law and the city ordinance include provisions that eye protection devices be used.

The matter was brought before commissioners by Kelly Wendeln, Wichita. He urged the commission to repeal the ordinance.

Unreal Statistics

Below is a quote from John E. Fisher, President of Nationwide Insurance:

"Numerous studies show that helmets help reduce the risk of death and injury in accidents. The Ohio Department of Highway Safety, for example, reported that the motorcycle fatality rate in the state dropped 31% since a helmet use law went into effect in 1969."

And now a quote from a letter by H. W. Davies, Chief, Division of Statistics, State of Ohio Department of Highway Safety to ABATE of Ohio.

"I regret that I cannot provide statistics regarding the effectiveness of the motorcycle safety helmets. The Division maintains records of accidents and their severity, but does not go into this type of detail at this time."

When Big Brother does set standards they're too often ineffective

America's only remaining space spectacular, the $6.2 billion space shuttle, might literally come apart at the seams. For the nuts, screws and threaded studs that hold it together may be unsafe.

This isn't the scare talk of economizers who want to scuttle the shuttle; rather, it is the grave opinion of engineers whose jobs depend on the project.

Their warnings are supported, moreover, by actual films of screw failures on launch pads. Like the classic fable of the battle that was lost for want of a nail, there is real danger that a future spaceship could be lost for want of a screw.

As early as April, 1973, there were secret discussions at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration about the menace of substandard screws. The report of one meeting tells of official fears that the weak fasteners might result in loose joints, which could cause the equipment to pull apart at launch or in space.

The problem, officials suggested, was that the manufacturing standards were too low. But any change in standards would require the nut-and-bolt factories to retool at tremendous cost. The industry, therefore, has been lobbying against changing the standards.

A method of testing individual screw and nut threads was developed by Johnson Gage, a Bloomfield, Conn., firm, which sent NASA its assessment of the problem in July 1973. In blunt language, the firm warned NASA confidentially that the standards for the space shuttle fasteners "provide for a loophole that allows (NASA to) accept outright junk."

Computer tests of the screw threads, meanwhile, revealed that millions worth of faulty threads had reached Rockwell International, the principal space shuttle contractor, as a result of the low standards. It was feared some of the inferior screws had found their way into the space shuttle equipment.

The minutes of a meeting at Rockwell's Canoga Park, Calif., facility show that the company engineers were worried about the fasteners. "The standards as currently written," stated the minutes, "are weak and ineffectual."

Although Rockwell's own fasteners were generally excellent, the company bought fasteners from

outside suppliers and could not control "the quality of 6,000 vendors in 47 states," the minutes added.

A rocket similar to those used for the space shuttle was filmed by high-speed cameras around the launch pad. The precision film showed parts of the pad actually coming apart because the fasteners didn't hold.

Still, the aerospace industry fought to keep the faulty standards rather than spend the estimated $120 million it would cost to retool. Johnson Gage experts, meanwhile, have warned the Pentagon that the military has no means "to detect or reject outright junk."

Under the present method of testing threads, the military may wind up with "everything from Tiffany's jewelry to garbage," according to one memo. The military is in danger, wrote Johnson Gage, of becoming a "dumping ground for the more than ample supply of deviant threads."

Other industries are also alarmed over loose screws. Detroit's Big Three automakers, for example, have taken the first steps to improve the safety of screws. They were spurred into action by a study, which showed 1,200 automobile crashes in a single state had been caused by loose threads.

Nevertheless, the American National Standards Institute, an industry-dominated group, has managed to block every move for tighter standards.

Scooter Restrictions

A bro recently wrote a bitchy letter in which he wanted cycle organizations to drop everything (in particular the helmet law) and go after custom bike restrictions. His home is in Pennsylvania, and recently he built a pretty bike that enabled him to accumulate $200 in fines for an altered vehicle.

Other than his bullshit apathetic attitude toward helmet laws, he has a point. All organizations should keep an eye out for modification restrictions. Many states have begun to push inspections down the throats of motorists and motorcyclists. These inspections seem to be too shallow to find some sensible way to determine whether a scooter should pass their inspection or not. Consequently they've begun to reject any scooter that's not stock.

Too much of this sort of crap could mean we'll all find our asses on used cop bikes. It's up to us to work with inspection people and possibly volunteer our services to demonstrate to officials the safety items on a bike to look for, and leave the style of the scooter up to its builder.—WPMA, Box 201, Oil City, Pa. 16301.

British Helmet Law May Fall

Controversy surrounding England's mandatory safety helmet law for motorcyclists has been a front-page issue in recent British motorcycle publications.

It seems that English courts have considered exempting Sikhs (a religious minority) from the helmet law because their religion teaches that it is improper not to wear a turban in public.

Other cyclists contend that if the Sikhs are exempted the English Race Relations Act will be violated. End result could be that the law could be erased from the books.

As center of the controversy, Baldev Singh Chahal has suffered through no less than 42 citations for wearing a turban rather than a helmet while two-wheeling it around Jolly Old England. (Perhaps the British government could commission a study of the impact-resistant nature of turbans and offer subsidies to companies willing to produce some made of fiberglass.)

Seriously, the exemption for Sikhs appears likely to be approved, according to the British press, and that will bring the entire safety helmet law under intense fire from non-Sikh bikers who feel they are being discriminated against.

—from **The Motorcyclists' Post**

Tennessee Bikers Beware

Tennessee Safety Commissioner Joel Plummer issued a safety advisory to motorcyclists and bicycle riders regarding the turn right on red after stop rule which recently went into effect. Commissioner Plummer said, "Of all the roadway users, motorcycles and bicycles present the greatest visibility problems at intersections. In almost all accidents, the motorists say they simply did not see the two-wheeled vehicle."

Commissioner Plummer advised motorcyclists to illuminate their headlamps at all times and approach all intersections with caution. High visibility clothing should also be worn.

California bikers and scooter people in several states have had such a law for many, many years. It simply means that you have to come to a full stop on a red light—after which you can turn right even while the light is red. It's a good trip, but it puts the responsibility on the pilot of the vehicle to check for oncoming traffic before entering an intersection. Tennessee brothers will find this law beneficial once they've adjusted to the defense used to negotiate the turns. Let's not lose any brothers during the adjustment period.—ABATE of Tennessee, c/o Free M.C., 108 Walnut St., Clarksville, Tennessee 37040.

Rider Training in Illinois

The fate of beginning motorcycle drivers is in the hands of Gov. Daniel Walker.

Or so say supporters of the state's proposed motorcycle safety training program.

The program has been budgeted as part of the Illinois Department of Transportation's (DOT) appropriations bill, which is lying on Walker's desk awaiting his signature.

A Walker aide said she could not predict when or if the governor will sign the bill. However, the bill was passed with Walker's blessing.

The program would include training beginning drivers much in the way beginning car drivers are taught and educating both motorcyclists and motorists about safe practices involving motorcycles.

The safety program was announced April 20 as a brainstorm alternative to a state helmet law required by the federal government in order to receive federal highway funds.

The central purpose of the program, according to the proposal published by DOT, is to "reduce motorcycle accidents altogether."

Whether the program is effective in that way will be studied after it has been in effect for a year, Raub said.

The program already has been offered in 12 high schools across the state on a limited basis, said Carl Cunningham, chief of the bureau of safety studies and projects, DOT.

More than 220 students have graduated from the program, he said. Besides training students, the high school program helps to test the course and materials, Cunningham said.

Cunningham said DOT plans to follow up on the students to see how well they do in avoiding accidents and traffic citations.

Officials hope the program eventually will be incorporated into all high school driver education courses, said David Kisser, a member of the Governor's Traffic Safety Coordinating Committee, Motorcycle Advisory Council.

For those persons who want to learn how to drive a motorcycle after they have left high school, courses will be taught through educational television.

Kisser said colleges and other centers may participate volutarily. "Part of it has to come from the college itself," he said. "We can't force them to cooperate."

The council is a 10-member committee established to formulate the safety program. Other state officials are ex-officio members, Kisser said.

All council members are involved with motorcycles in some way, Raub said. The council advises the state on what is needed in the program.

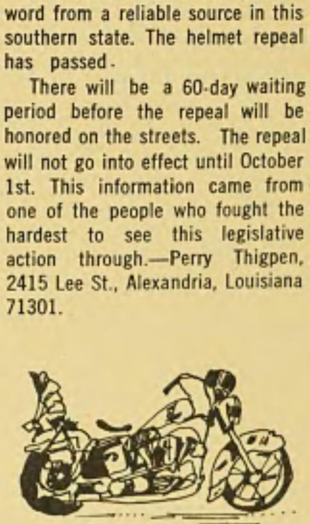
If the program receives its $623,960 requested funding, $296,772 of which is from the federal government, the council then will go to private clubs throughout the state for assistance. Kisser said the council "hasn't quite gone that far" in planning what the individual clubs might do.

Laws and Legislative News

Louisiana: Again we were misinformed about the status of the helmet repeal. Some yahoo told us it had been repealed this year before it had even left the transportation committee.

But we now have the positive word from a reliable source in this southern state. The helmet repeal has passed.

There will be a 60-day waiting period before the repeal will be honored on the streets. The repeal will not go into effect until October 1st. This information came from one of the people who fought the hardest to see this legislative action through.—Perry Thigpen, 2415 Lee St., Alexandria, Louisiana 71301.



Texas: Just about every state organization wishes they could afford

a lobbyist of some sort. Well, ABATE of Texas has been fortunate enough to discover a bro who is also a lawyer, and on top of that he wants to represent ABATE in the vast state of Texas. But he needs your support.

ABATE of Texas and Wil Cowan have found a couple of representatives who are interested in the helmet repeal. But they need biker support before they'll introduce a repeal. Write your representatives now and urge them to support such a measure. Also write Lt. Governor William P. Hobby and ask him for his support. You have to make the first move, brothers. With enough letters, they can only assume that the public is behind such a repeal.

ABATE of Texas has taken into consideration how small the state is; consequently they have decided to expand. They now have a Dallas /Ft. Worth chapter (P.O. Box 3967, Irving, Texas 75061; Phone: (214) 255-1033). But they would like to have enough chapters to cover the little state. If you would like to do something for the bikers of Texas and ultimately for the entire country, contact ABATE of Texas, c/o Paul Hendley, P.O. Box 3065, Sta. A, Tyler, Texas 75710.

There exists within the State a program to promote motorcycle safety and education within the Drivers Education Program in our school systems and the communities. There also is a policy of "Apathy" within our "Institutes of Learning" and the communities toward implementing this program. Sooner or later the program will become a reality, but in the interim, many of us won't be around to see it happen, due to someone who wasn't alert.

Contact your superintendent of schools and request that they inform you what they are doing towards Motorcycle Safety Education. —TMRA

New York:

A motorcyclist sued an insurance company carrying "no fault" automobile liability insurance for an automobile owner. The motorcyclist prevailed in the lower court. The insurance company appealed. The N.Y. Appeals Court held that under the insurance statute defining "a covered person" as any person entitled to "first party benefits" as payments to reimburse a person for economic loss on account of personal injuries arising from use or operation of a "motor vehicle" in New York State, motorcycles are expressly excluded from the definition of a "motor vehicle," and a motorcyclist is entitled to "first party benefits," and is a "covered person." The no fault insurance law is not violative of equal protection as requiring an automobile owner to provide "no fault" coverage to a motorcyclist. 277 N.Y. Supp. 2nd 319.

Kansas: The pressure is on from the Federal Establishment since the helmet law was repealed. In fact the heat is so bad that the state may find itself fighting the head shell law again next year.

Something can be done though. If everytime you see an article about a bike crash in the paper, you clip it out and send it to ABATE of Kansas they'll be able to build a case against a few over-dramatized head injury incidents. Send clippings to ABATE of Kansas, c/o Ted Oakes, 2530 S. 37th St., Kansas City, Kansas.

Idaho: Idaho almost passed a modification of its helmet law in this last legislature. It would have reduced the places where helmets are required but would have opened enforcement up to a bag of worms because helmets would still have been required on state highways. You could have ridden lidless on country roads and city streets, but some city streets are really state highways, covered with gravel, and are hard to tell from a county road, while some county roads are well paved and appear to be state highways. Without maps of the state's highways nobody would know whether a helmet was required or not.

It's a good thing this law didn't pass, but we're working constantly for a good, clean repeal of the helmet law. —ABATE of Idaho, 208 South Main St., Moscow, Idaho 83843.

New Mexico: Indications from various news articles in a certain New Mexico paper are that there must be editors on the staff taking a very biased, self-righteous approach toward bikers and the helmet law.

New Mexico brothers should not blow it at this publication (they have a right to their opinion), but we might promote some understanding if bros all over the state would write intelligently to the publication and explain the reasons for the efforts to repeal the helmet mandate. Write: Editor, Albuquerque Journal, 717 Silver, S.W., P.O. Drawer J-T, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87103. —ABATE of New Mexico, Box 656, Jal, New Mexico 88252.

Toronto: Motorcyclists will be required to turn on their front and rear lights day and night effective Thursday, July 1, under an amendment to the Highway Traffic Act recently passed by the legislature.

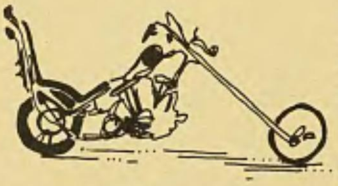
For motorcyclists who fail to turn on their lights the fine could range from $20 to $100.

The motorcycle legislation will not include those machines manufactured before Jan. 1, 1970, since they may not be equipped electrically to handle the constant use of the lights, Mr. Snow said.

The minister said that many motorcycle accidents occur because other drivers don't see the motorcycle early enough to avoid an accident.

"We hope that by making motorcycles more visible with their lights on at all times, many tragedies will be avoided," Mr. Snow said.

Another amendment to the act now makes it legal for drivers to use a paved shoulder on a highway when passing to the right of a vehicle making a left hand turn.



Virginia: I've been talking with quite a few of the state lawmakers about the helmet law, and to my surprise very few of them have received any mail from people asking that the law be repealed.

I can guarantee that if you don't get off your ass and write a letter or two, or make a few phone calls to your representatives, we'll never get this lid law repealed.

We've convinced Frank Slayton to introduce a repeal bill, and a few of the reps have told us they'll support that bill. But there are 130 delegates and it takes a majority to pass any bill.

ABATE officers can't do it all, and they can't do it alone!

All we ask of you is to sit down and write a letter to your rep. Tell him why you want the lid law repealed and ask him to vote for the repeal when the bill comes before him in the General Assembly, in January 1977. If you don't know who to write, write us. We'll send you a list of all the Virginia representatives. —Fuzzy Davy, ABATE of Virginia, P.O. Box 138, Vienna, Virginia 22108.

Washington: Monty footed the bill out of his own pocket to the tune of about $500, to have a complete line of anti-helmet data reprinted. We now have enough copies of the packet to distribute to all the legislators on the Transportation Committee just prior to their hearing on the helmet issue and to all legislators just prior to the opening of the general assembly. Whatever is left over will go to the news media and our own people. —ABATE of Washington, c/o Sean Davidson, P.O. Box 85, Auburn, Washington 98002.

New Jersey: ABATE of New Jersey brothers are cookin' and could use Jersey bikers' support. So far this year they've defeated the lights-on law, introduced a helmet repeal in the senate (S1556), and just recently they've seen to it that a brother bill has been introduced in the Assembly (A2199).

Now, for these bills to move out of the printing room into a committee, New Jersey legislators need a little prompting. Like when the ol' lady pours icy water on your face to get you out of bed for work. No excuses, brothers, it's time to start writing letters to your local elected officials, and don't stop until the word is out that a repeal has passed. If you're not sure who to write, drop a note to ABATE of New Jersey, TDA Cycle Shop, 4 South Ave. West, Cranford, New Jersey 07016.

Alaska: Some scooter people recently called from the chilling state of Alaska about a problem they're having. Seems one of the more mature bros found out, in a small town, that some years ago the helmet law was written so as to apply only to bikers under the legal age, which is 19 in Alaska. But once he rode into one of the larger cities, and was popped for not wearing a helmet. He got in touch with a legislator and had the law checked out. Confusion resulted. Now they are fighting city officials who state that there are city ordinances which override the state law.

Oklahoma: Oklahoma brothers are not without an ABATE chapter in their state. Roger Colyer of The Greek's Custom Cycle, 1804 E. 11th, Lawton, Oklahoma, is the new state coordinator. He'll need your support.

We have an off-the-wall request to make of you Oklahoma tramps. It's come down that the state senator who supported the helmet repeal in your state has had to put up with a big dose of flack from his peers since then. We would appreciate it if you would take the time to drop him a note of appreciation for his support. Let the senator know that Oklahoma bikers dig what he did for them and that they won't forget it. His label is State Senator Jerry Pierce, P.O. Box 666, Bartlesville, Oklahoma. ■

Bad Aim?
My ol' man keeps threatening to stuff a popsickle up my snatch if I don't quit fuckin' with him while he's trying to read. I'm afraid he'll miss and get me in the ass. How can I be sure of his aim?
Papa Bear's O' Lady
Prescott, Ariz.

● Don't bother. An ass trip is a trip.

Bottled Come
My ol' lady likes to jerk me off, and she keeps it in bottles all over the house. Do you think there's something wrong with her? Please answer before the price of beer goes up.
Bottle Freak's Ol' Man
Independence, Mo.

● She's probably saving it in case there's a dry spell— which is very foresighted of her.

Poorhouse
This is not a question about sex, but I'm desperate for help. Between supporting a wife, buying booze, broads, grass, feeding a dog, and paying for a subscription to **Easyriders**, I have only been able to scrape together 32¢ and a piece of bubble gum on the bottom of my shoe. How can I save up enough money to buy a bike?
Animal
Peramus, N.J.

● If it wasn't first on your list, forget it. You're not the biker type.

Problem?
I'm in love with two girls at the same time. They also love me. I know it's not my Sportie because the cops took it away. I want one of them but am not sure which one. What in the world shall I do?
Busted Bob
Flushing, N.Y.

● One of them must give better head than the other.

Fucking On Wheels Again
Fucking on a panhead while going down a dirt road at 50mph is the greatest ride ever. Now I want to try giving head while riding. Dirt roads are out. One chuckhole and the dude might be minus a couple of inches off his cock. Got any ideas on how to do it on the road?
Beke
Hanford, Calif.

● Have your teeth pulled. The good turn-on is worth any sacrifice.

True Love
I have to have your picture or I'll die. I might even die after seeing your picture, but what the hell, we all have to go sometime.
Tom
Comstock, N.Y.

● Just send me a #10 envelope (business size) and I'll send ya one. But you won't go—you'll come.

Heavenly Aroma
I hear say that your munchable box smells so bad that you use one of your ol' rags like a Shell No-Pest strip, only difference being yours lasts 12 months. I say it's bullshit, otherwise Raid and Blackguard would have been out of work and on food stamps years ago. What's the truth to it?
Loners M/C
Bradford, Pa.

● I don't repel flies—I attract 'em.

Wherever It Strikes
If ya can't find anyone to poke ya in the nose, babe, I'll be more than happy to do it for ya, and if I miss and poke ya in the eye with my prick, so what — we'll just do it again.
Bill
Graterford, Pa.

● A poke in the eye is better than no poke at all.

69 In Backyard
Me and my ol' lady have the best way of 69in'. She stands on her head and I grab her around the waist and pick her up. She sucks on my dick and I dive in her cunt while we walk around the back yard. Ever tried it?
Sundown
Slaton, Texas

● That's no class, man—try doin' it the same way while standin' on the seat of a scoot goin' 60mph.

Gopher Hole
Is it true that you use your snatch as a gopher hole?
Rat
Jersey City, N.J.

● Sometimes I zonk out on the grass, and Christ—I attract all kinds of critters.

Being Used
My ol' man comes around only when he wants to fuck. What do you think?
Being Hurt
Levittown, Pa.

● Fuck him a lot so he comes around a lot.

Deserted
My ol' lady finally deserted me after constantly complaining about my demanding a blow job after each time we ball. Now I'm wondering if two heads are better than one.
Loner With A Boner
Miami, Fla.

● What was that again?

Change in Menu
I know you dig cucumbers. But you should try Polish sausage—you can always eat it afterwards instead of before.
High Ryder
Selma, Iowa

● Shit—I've tried (and do) everything.

Night Sounds
My ol' lady makes smackin' noises at night while she's sleepin'. It sounds like she's suckin' dicks. Should I put my dick in her mouth some night while she's sleepin' to see what she does?
Curious Red
Springfield, Ill.

● And you have to ask me?

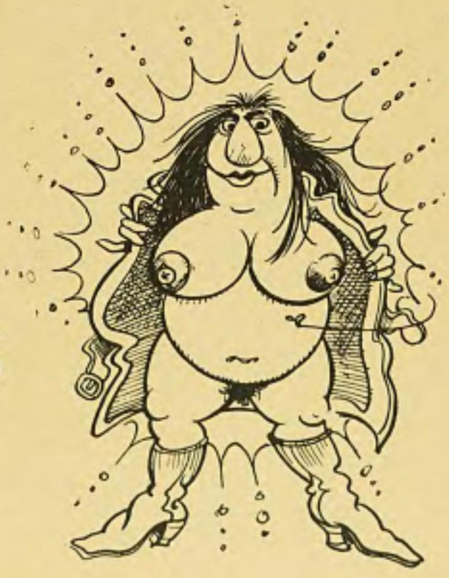
Heavy Bet
Me and a friend of mine have 4 oz. of hash riding on a bet. He said if I took my bike, put it on my trailer, hooked it up to my car, and drove the whole fuckin' thing up your cunt, I'd never see them again. I say I could make a U turn and make it back out. Who gets the hash?
Woody
Upper Heyford, England

● You do, of course.

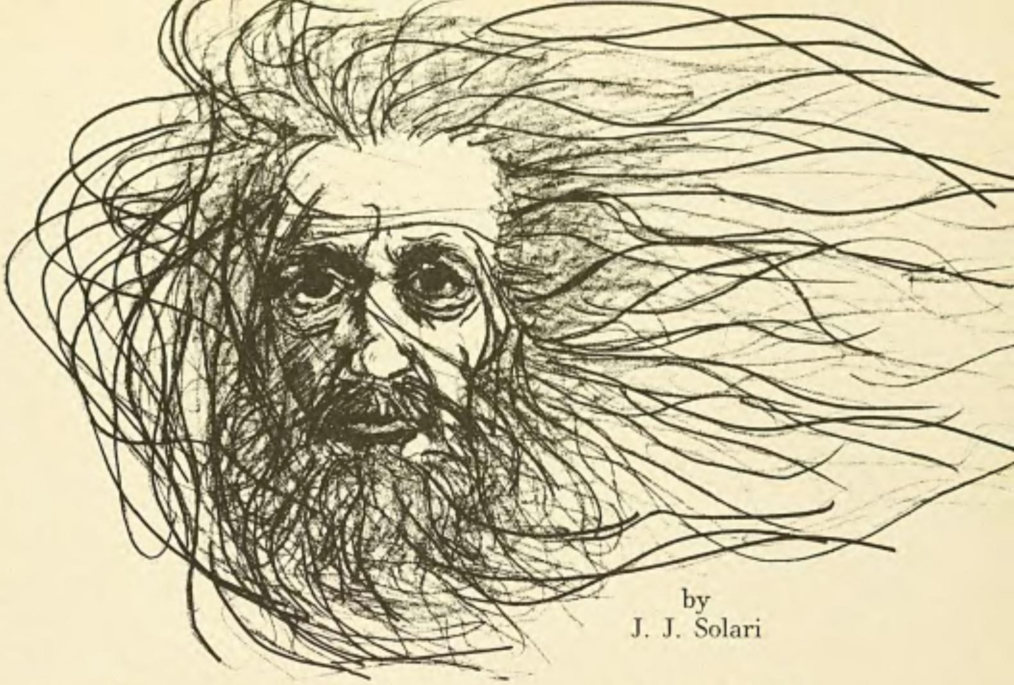
Stunt Man
What would you say if I told you I can eat your pussy and fuck it at the same time?
Yank Crank Hank
Lemont, Illinois

● I'd say come on over and dive in.

MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL



—Send your problems or questions home to Mutha, c/o EASYRIDERS, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best), if you want a picture of Mutha. ■



by
J. J. Solari

Bikers May Get Mellow

A hundred and five. Yellow chunks in my jizz juice, sometimes I think this motherfuckin' thrashed-out Hawg could fly; just fuckin' jettison its pipes, suck on a couple of F-85 afterburners in mid-stroke an' take on a whole new identity.

Goddam, feel that blastin' Boreas balm. I think my whole face is gonna turn inside out. Wind's splashin' my brains back against my head; fuckin' shovin' my belly through my spine; pressin' my pants back against my legs . . . Look at that! Shinbones! Ain't had these clothes off in so long I damn near forgot them sticks was under there . . .

Fuck, I can hardly breathe.

Well, I'll be pissed on Sundays! Look at that!—Hundred and fuckin' twenty . . . I fuckin' don't believe . . .

Fuck it. Machine blows up it blows up. Nuthin's perfect.

Jesus Lord and Saint Alfonzo! A hundred an' forty! I better pull my brains back off those lollypop slopes they been visitin' for a minute and concentrate on the fuckin' highway . . . jeez, I can hardly see through the blur, can-ya-digit!

I better ease off here . . . just take her down easy . . . it ain't slowin'.

Holy sperm cells, it ain't slowin'!

One . . . hun . . . dred . . . an' fifty, by what's left of my lookholes I make it to be. This goddam machine has freaked and it's gonna take me with it!

Fuck it twice. Nobody said these sonsabitches would be a picnic. I'm past due anyway.

You just go ahead, you haul-ass motherfucker. You just pick out a nice tree you're fond of, or a halfway decent hillside maybe, and when you get goin' as fast as you're fuckin' gonna go . . . well, after one brief stop, we'll just both take off to our separate Heavens. Fair enough, you cocksuckin' horizon eater?

I fuckin' don't believe it! A hundred and seventy! What the fuck is this thing out to prove, anyway?

Oh my Jesus God, a cliff!

A five-thousand-foot straight-down descent into the Great Plains. Whew. I'd hate to careen down between two walls of solid rock. I got claustrophobia. At least this way I'll get to see some scenery. For a while.

Things could be worse:

I also got acrophobia. The fuckin' machine could take wing and I'd really *be in a fix. At least with a balls-out plummet, I won't shit my pants. Downers I'm used to.*

* * *

"The tracks just end right here, Captain Griss."

"OK, Officer Jeffries. Take a couple other men and go down to the flats down there and pick up whatever's left. Maybe we can find out the next-of-kin or some damn thing."

"We've already looked, Captain, and we couldn't find a body or *a motorcycle."*

"You've got to be mistaken, Jeffries."

"No sir! We looked real good! Honest!"

"You mean to tell me a man sails off a vehicle rest-stop at the top of a five-thousand-foot range of mountains into the nation's breadbasket, and you can't find anything?"

"Well, we did find one thing, sir: a pair of Levi's that appeared to have been cut away with a knife. And in a hurry too, judging from the small traces of blood where I guess the skin was pierced."

"And that's all?"

"Just one more thing."

"Spare me the dramatics, Jeffries."

"We found something in the pants."

"Don't tell me, let me guess: the Chicago Symphony Orchestra."

"No sir. Three pounds of wet shit."

"Great. I'm looking for a dead body and you're playing games."

"I'm telling you the truth, sir. All we found was—"

"Hold it . . . what was that noise . . ."

"Sounded like a sonic boom, sir."

"Yeah, that's right . . . What the hell is that!"

"Looks like a guy on a motorcycle, sir!"

"Up there?"

"Lemme get my binocs, sir . . . Yessir. It's a guy on a motorcycle."

"A . . . a"

"And scared shitless, it looks like."

"Blaaaach! Scared, *maybe!*"

"If you'll pardon my saying so, you look a mess, sir." ■

Illustration by Dennis Dailey

Sick Tilly

Flash! *In order to get you guys off your ass, we've decided to start paying $20 for each joke used instead of $10. We were forced to this painful decision, it comes out of our juice and smoke fund because we simply do not receive enough* good *jokes.*

Shit, there are some assholes who even send us some jokes we've already featured! — and everyone knows how bad they are.

Send 'em to Sick Tilly, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (Rejects are not returned—too much work!)

Several bros emerged from a bar to find two old winos sprawled in the gutter. One wino had his thumb jammed up the other's ass.

"What's the number, man?" asked a bro.

"I'm tryin' to make my friend puke," replied the ancient juicer.

"That's not gonna make the fucker puke."

"Oh, yeah?" said the wino. "Just wait'll I plug this finger in his mouth!"

—A. F. Stenchfinger
Corsicana, Texas

The gigantic biker and his newest lay were in a motel room, preparing to ball. Tearing off his shirt, the dude flexed his muscles and bragged: "Ten tons of dynamite, baby!" Next, he dropped his pants, flexed his leg muscles and boasted: "Ten tons of dynamite, baby!" Pulling down his shorts, he was just opening his yap again when the broad screamed — leaping up and fleeing stark naked through the foyer.

"Run for yer fuckin' lives!" she hollered. "There's ten tons of dynamite in that room with a goddam two-inch fuse!"

—Frank L. Bracy, Jr.
Charlotte, Michigan

Hobosexual: Just another fuckin' bum.

—Condor
Robinson, Illinois

A grim-faced biker walked into a crowded bar followed by a dozen curvy blonde chicks. Seating himself before the astonished bartender, he pulled out a mammoth wad of thousand-dollar bills and gestured at the entire room.

"Drinks for everybody on me."

Just as the bartender finished setting up the last drink, a foot-high dude emerged from the biker's jacket. Jumping onto the bar, the little character streaked down the length of the mahogany, viciously kicking over every drink along the way before racing back and disappearing into the biker's jacket.

"What the hell's happenin' here?" demanded the startled barkeep.

The biker sighed. "I found this old lamp on the beach and was rubbin' it to see if it was brass when this magic genie appeared, offerin' me three wishes. I asked for all the cash I'll ever want, a dozen sex-happy blondes, and a twelve-inch prick."

"That doesn't explain what just happened here."

"Sure does," sighed the biker again. "**He's** my twelve-inch prick."

—Razor Booton
Mt. Pleasant, Iowa

Polack broads don't like to breast-feed their kids because it hurts too much when they boil the nipples.

—Nick Cross
Newark, Delaware

Ol' Lady: "I got bad news and good news."

Biker: "Yeah? Like what?"

Ol' Lady: "Our son is a homo."

Biker: "And the **good** news?"

Ol' Lady: "He's been elected Homecoming Queen!"

—Rich in Arkansas

The Warsaw zoo is being closed: their clam died.

—Dr. Sheeesh
1000 Oaks, Calif.

Two bros were discussing their past marriages.

"Yeah, I had three wives," admitted Bro #1, "but they all died untimely deaths."

"Really?" mumbled Bro #2.

"Shit, yeah. Two of the stupid bitches wasted themselves scarfin' poison mushrooms."

"What about the third doll?"

"A head concussion snuffed the stubborn cunt."

"How'd that happen?"

Bro #1 smiled. "She refused to eat them goddam mushrooms!"

—Footpeg Frye
18th Street Seminar

A biker was rapping with the bartender.

"Y'know that ugly little fucker who comes in here alone but leaves every damn time with a heavy broad?" asked the biker.

"Yeah, I know who ya mean."

"Well, how the hell does a really gross lookin' dude like him manage to get so many gorgeous cunts?"

"I dunno," said the bartender. "All he ever does is sit there, mindin' his own business and slowly lickin' his eyebrows!"

—F. Sayer
Glendale, California

A bro, wired on booze and reds, watched the elderly gent propositioning young chicks with frequent success for more than a month before finally asking the old fart how he did it.

"Simple!" said the old rogue. "I ask her, 'Tickle your ass with a feather?' If she agrees, I get some. If she's hostile, I quickly say 'typical nasty weather' and she thinks she was hearing things!"

"Heavy," commented the bro.

Later, staggering up to the nearest broad at the bar, he blurted: "Stick a feather up yer ass, baby."

"Whaaat?" hissed the doll.

"Shit, babbled the bro. "Lookit them fuckin' clouds!"

—Jiffy Jeff
Wenatchee, Washington

A sled-bum was inviting a bro to the big, howling party taking place just outside of town.

"Thanks, but I better not," said the bro sadly. "I got a case of the gallopin' trots."

"Shit," babbled the bro. "Lookit "Bring it along. This bunch'll drink anything!"

—John Mitchell
Stoneham, Mass.

The bro had stopped to help a farmer whose cow was giving birth and having difficulty doing it since the calf was being born breech. As the calf's hind legs slowly emerged, the biker mumbled: "Man, just how fast was that little bastard movin' when it hit your cow in the ass?"

—Rangatang
Starke, Florida

"My gawd!" gasped the chick, staring at her dude's tool, which was horribly twisted. "What the hell happened to it?"

"Nuthin'," he said. "I jes' decided it wuz kinda faggy to shake it after pissin' — so now I wring it out with both hands like a real man!"

—E. Platt
Apple Valley, Calif.

Two flaky bikers who had been almost unable to locate their own bikes in the previous year's horde at Daytona decided to ride a camel to the event — figuring they'd have no difficulty finding it in the mobs of people and machines. Unknown to them, a circus on its way to winter quarters stopped in Daytona, filling the streets with 500 camels. Discovering this mess, one rider wailed: "Shit, now we'll never locate our goddam beast!"

"Be cool, bro," advised his buddy, lifting each animal's tail as they passed. "I'll find our transportation any minute now!"

"Are you crazy?" demanded the other bro.

"Nope. As we rode into town, I heard somebody remark, 'Lookit the two assholes on that camel!' Soon as I can find a critter with twin assholes, we got it knocked!"

—Bunyan
S.I.W.Y.

What's really gross: Throwing away your dirty underwear and watching it crawl back into the pad.

—Todd Daniel
Attalla, Alabama

Because she wanted a baby, the mama made sure her dude balled her at least three times daily for a solid week. During the last hump she murmured: "What'll we name the kid?"

Easing back and pulling the well-filled rubber from the end of his crank, the biker held it up to her startled face and chuckled: "If the little bastard gets outa **here** — we'll call'm Houdini!"

—Rabbit
San Jose, Calif.

Big Bad says he likes women from the straight world when they know the score: like the secretary who told him that she changed jobs and found herself under new management.

—R. A. Dichter
Atlanta, Georgia

"Having a heavy sexlife," explains Mama Mitzi, "depends upon the kinda dude ya get. The first one I met was a pimp — and all he wanted to do was sell my tail. The second one was a doctor — and all he wanted to do was look at it. Next I went with a psychologist — and all he wanted to do was talk about it. Then I lucked out and met a biker. He tore the damn thing apart and works on it every night!"

—Hog
Paris, Tennessee

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BEER
RAT-CHE
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YOU WANT SOME ACTION, HUH? WELL, THEY'RE PULLING A TRAIN OUT BACK.
C'MON, HURRY IT UP!
SORRY 'BOUT THAT
IT'S MY TURN
NO SHIT, THIS BIG.
EXIT
I'M NEXT
WHYNCHA WATCH WHERE YA POINT.
FINALLY, IT'S MY TUR...
WILT
WELL, LOOKS LIKE IT'S YOU N' ME AGAIN, SWEETHEART.
ME NEXT.
I GOT TEN I PULL IT THE FARTHEST.
I'D RATHER FUCK
BEER
SHIT, YA COULD'NT EVEN PULL YER PUD
I'M NEXT
QUIT YER SHOVIN.
C'MON I GOTTA 5 ON YA!!
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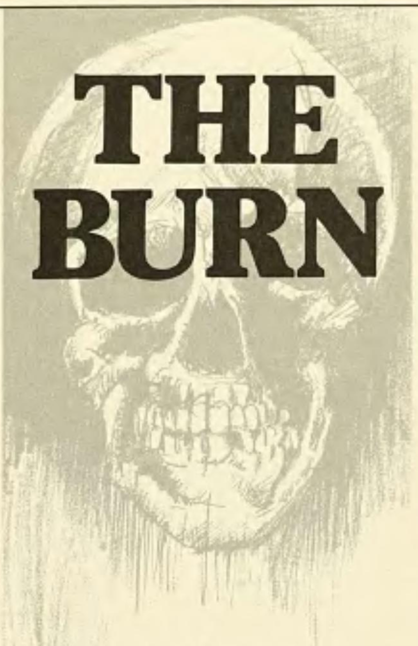
THE BURN



By Foy Campbell

Stoney took a swig from his can of beer and laid the small nugget of cocaine on the single Mexican tile resting on the kitchen table.

He found the razor blade and stropped it a few times along his jeans. Mechanically, without thinking, he began to break down the coke with short, precise chops of the blade. Having refined the chunk to a fine white powder, he used the blade to split the pile in half, then split each of the smaller piles the same way. Carefully,..he elongated each small pile with the blade until he had four rails laid out on the tile, each about two inches long.

He pulled out his wallet and extracted a bill, which he rolled into a tight cylinder. He bent over the tile, careful not to breathe on the powder and blow it away. He stuffed the rolled-up bill into his right nostril and held his left shut while he inhaled deeply and steadily, moving the tube along the rail as the powder disappeared. He held his breath momentarily, then exhaled through his mouth. Placing the cylinder in his other nostril, he ran the second rail.

Then he leaned back and listened to the battered chair creak in protest while he felt the pleasant rush beginning in his head. He swallowed twice, feeling the first signs of the familiar bitter taste in the back of his throat.

That's better, he thought, as he fought down the urge to clench his jaws. He stood and stretched, arching his back and extending his arms. At 35, Stoney was a little past his prime, but still strong and active. And smart. He kicked a wine bottle out of the way and went to the refrigerator. Opening another beer, he regarded the dim kitchen—bare bulb in the ceiling, peeling, stained wallpaper, rotting baseboards.

"Well, not much longer in this fuckin' dump," he said aloud as he peered into the back yard through the screen door. The vanishing Texas sun told him it was time to get moving and he chugged down the beer in three swallows. Returning to the table, he quickly ran the two remaining rails of coke.

He went to his bedroom and opened the top drawer of the dresser. He stared thoughtfully at the three guns resting in a row on a folded towel. He pondered. S&W .38 Special. A beautiful piece—airweight, shrouded hammer, floating firing pin. Chromed .45 automatic. Crude, but with an inexplicable appeal. He removed it from the drawer and worked the slide back and forth a few times. A solid, dependable weapon. Colt Python .357 mag—a faultless handcannon with ventilated ribs. Stoney picked up the .38 along with the .45 and dropped them into an empty pillowcase, the top of which he tied tightly, twisting the cloth into a knot. He shoved the pillowcase inside a new canvas gym bag.

Removing the Python from the drawer, he released the cylinder lock and inserted five rounds. He tucked the big gun between the small of his back and his jeans, allowing his denim shirt to fall loosely outside. He looked over his shoulder at his reflection in the dresser mirror and was satisfied that the shirt hid the pistol. Checking to make sure he had the key to his bike, he picked up the gym bag and left the house.

It was getting dark as he walked toward his bike. He remembered the puzzled looks from his buddies a month ago when he'd sold his old chop and bought a new Sportster. He'd kidded them back, pretending he had his reasons. But of course he didn't tell them that the real reason was simply the electric start. When he finished fucking over his buddies tonight, he was going to have to haul his ass away in a hurry—a big hurry. Every second would count, and he couldn't take a chance on kickstarting a temperamental bike. He'd thought this deal over so many times that his mind had run through every conceivable fuckup. He'd even had two nightmares. In one, he'd had to kick his old chop over and over and over while his heart pounded in his throat and the goddam engine coughed lamely. In the other dream, he'd stomped on the kick pedal and his stomach had knotted in panic as he felt the kickstart pawl shear away, leaving him at the mercy of the shadows that pursued him. No, he needed the Sportster for sure. He'd continued to ride with his buddies and they'd continued to suspect nothing. And he could now be certain the bastard would start when his ass was on the line.

He secured the gym bag on the short sissy bar, straddled the seat, and pushed the start button. The bike fired to life at once and he paused for a moment just to enjoy the characteristic uneven bark of a Sporty. Kicking the shift lever into first, he shot out into the clear, moon-flooded night.

The Sportster throbbed along at an easy lope while Stoney enjoyed the cool night air rushing into his face. Traffic was light and he had a half-hour's ride ahead of him—thirty minutes to think it through one last time. It was a shit deal he was about to pull, he had to admit. He was about to rip off his buddies, the nearest things to friends he'd ever known. And he was about to rip them off very, very badly.

He rode through the circles cast by the streetlights and remembered when Pito, Ron, and Bull had first told him of the deal a little over a month ago. "It's the chance of a lifetime," Pito had told him excitedly, "and we can cut you in for a little piece of the action." Pito was on federal probation for a weed rap, but he hated work, and dealing was the only life he knew. He, Ron, and Bull had been supporting themselves dealing speed and coke. They rarely moved over an ounce or two of meth or a few grams of coke at a time, just enough to keep them from having to get jobs. But this deal was different.

They'd lucked into a chance to sell big, Pito had told Stoney, and

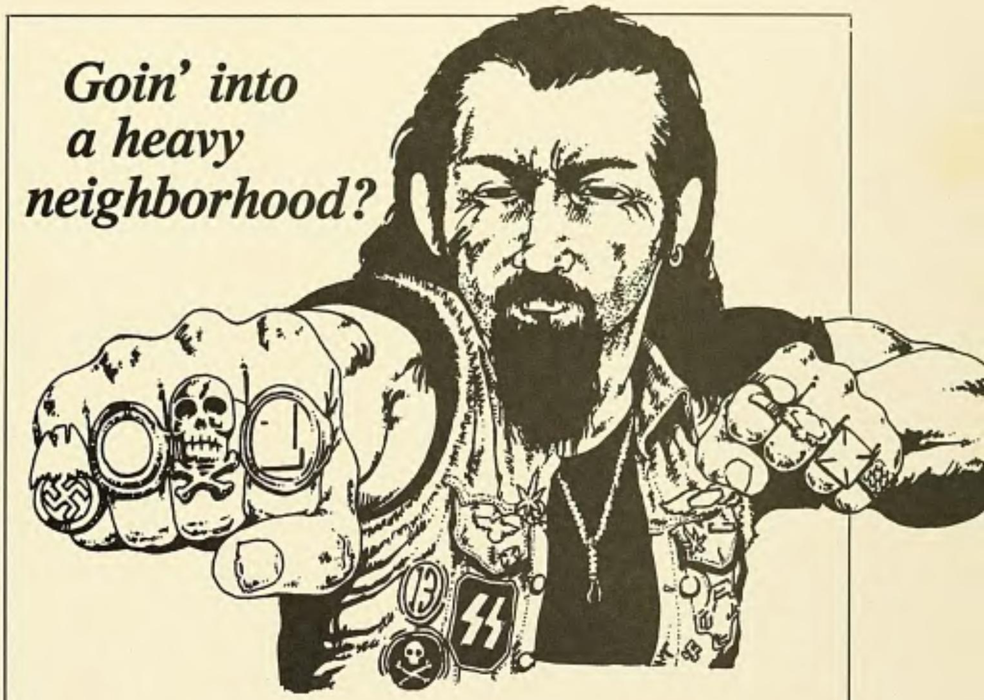
they'd gone to see their connection at his lab inside a house trailer on the edge of town. It took a lot of talking and the fact that the guy owed Pito a favor, but he'd finally agreed to front a full twelve pounds of fresh speed to Pito and his partners, on the promise that they'd have at least half the money to him within twenty-four hours. The cat had to work his lab overtime to keep up his regular business and make an extra twelve pounds too. Even so, it took a month to make all the final arrangements and finish the batch. Pito and company had a sure buy for ten pounds, and they'd offered to front Stoney one of the remaining two pounds if he could move it in a hurry. Stoney had accepted.

On the same night he'd first talked to Pito, Stoney began to get an idea. The price from the lab was \$5,000 a pound, so his buddies were in hock for \$60,000. And despite the fact that Pito was an asshole buddy of the guys who owned and operated the lab, those cats were nonetheless tough businessmen with no sense of humor. Unless his friends came up with the bread fast, Stoney realized, they might get their knees smashed to mush with a baseball bat—or worse. But Stoney knew a dealer in Des Moines, where crank was hard to come by, and this guy could supply the entire midwest once he'd stepped on the twelve pounds and converted them to sixteen pounds or so. For the twelve pounds of pure meth Stoney could supply him, he'd pay close to seventy grand. Stoney was tempted. . . .

He cruised through the night and thought of the money. And of his friends, his buddies. In a way, he still couldn't believe he was about to fuck over his only friends, but the two plane tickets in his pocket said otherwise. One was Dallas to Des Moines, one way. His man would be waiting for him. A quick exchange—one gym bag for one manila envelope. After an hour's layover, the second ticket would take him to Mexico City. And from there—the whole wide world. But Jesus, Stoney thought, my own buddies? These were the only people who trusted him, who'd loan him money in a pinch.

But he knew he was too old and too cold for sentiment. He'd taken a hard, straight look at the facts. At 35, he was entering a future that

Goin' into a heavy neighborhood?



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promised nothing more than the dull, routine, shit-paying jobs like every one he'd held since getting out of the Army. Middle age is on its way, he told himself, and aging bikers are no prize. It looked like a future of lousy jobs, less pussy, and no security. But with seventy grand a man could start over, think it all through without worries and hassles, figure out what to do. So, with a calm mind and full understanding, he'd decided to sacrifice his friends for the chance at a new life.

Four days earlier, without telling anyone, he'd sold or thrown away everything he owned. He'd bought the gym bag the day after that. Tonight, the night of the big score, he owned only the clothes on his back, a few hundred in cash, three pistols, and a new Harley. Before the night was over, he'd kiss the Sporty goodbye in the parking lot of the Dallas-Ft. Worth airport and board the plane. Three hours later he'd be a rich man. He smiled at the thought.

He'd lapsed into a reverie but snapped out of it suddenly when he recognized the bridge over the river, dead ahead. Not far to go now, he thought. There were no cars on the bridge and every girder stood out eerily in the stark patterns cast by the moonlight. Stoney slowed the bike and stopped in the center of the bridge. It took some hunting, but he finally found neutral. Leaning the idling bike on its sidestand, he unzipped the canvas bag and removed the pillowcase. He checked to make sure the bridge was still deserted, then quickly flung the bag into the night with all his strength. He watched it sail through the night shadows, hit the dark water, and disappear. He remounted the bike, kicked up the stand, and jerked the lever into gear.

Pito lived at the foot of a long hill, and from its crest Stoney could see the houselights and the bikes in the yard two blocks away. He was relieved to see that Bull had come on his bike, leaving his truck at home. Neither Pito nor Ron owned a car, so Stoney's work would be easier. He cut off the engine and headlight while holding in the clutch and noiselessly coasted down the long incline. Only the crickets broke the silence as he slowed the bike to a quiet stop by Pito's curb. Quietly and deliberately, he turned the Sportster around so that it pointed back in the direction of the hill. He leaned over and used his hand to ease down the sidestand. Gently, silently, he lowered the full weight of the bike onto the stand.

He stood still and held his breath to listen. Nothing. Only the crickets and the noise of his own blood pounding in his ears. Keeping one eye on the house, he gingerly removed the gym bag and moved to where the three chops stood outlined in the moonlight. Reaching into his boot and pulling out his knife, he crouched beside the first bike. Working quietly and methodically, he sliced a two-inch section out of the fuel line. He paused to listen again and then cut out a section from each sparkplug wire. No chances, he repeated to himself, take no chances. It took over five minutes to sabotage the three bikes carefully and thoroughly, making no noise. He finished and stood. He could still hear the blood thumping in his ears with each heartbeat. He walked up the steps to the front porch of the old frame house and knocked softly on the door.

The door opened an inch and he could see an eye regarding him through the crack. The door then opened about eight inches and Stoney squeezed inside.

"Hey, man," said Pito, "how's it goin'?" Pito's eyes fell on the gym bag in Stoney's hand. "What's in the bag, man?"

Stoney fought to control his nervousness and tried desperately to act naturally. "Uh. . . I carry my chain and lock in it, man. Gotta keep that Sportster protected. And I figured I might need the bag for my pound. Is the stuff here yet?"

Pito grinned, flashing his gold incisor. *"Seguro, amigo*—come on in and check it out."

They moved through the dim, empty living room and into the bright dining room. Stoney blinked against the light from the three 100-watt bare bulbs in the overhead fixture. Ron and Bull were sitting at the ancient mahogany dining table, drinking beer and grinning stupidly at the arrival of their friend. Stoney could hardly believe it, but there it was, right in the middle of the fucking table. Twenty-four half-pound bags of snow-white, freshly made, absolutely pure, killer crank. It damn near made him dizzy to look at it. He was totally impressed.

He whistled. "Jesus Fuckin' Christ! I must be dreamin'!"

Pito laughed and clapped his hands like a kid. Stoney could tell that Pito was high—really excited, pleased. "Shit naw, man, you ain't dreamin'."

Bull pointed toward the pile of bags with a blunt index finger at the end of mammoth paw. His huge neck, shoulders, and biceps strained against his T-shirt as he gestured. "Have a little taste, man, and see whether you're awake or not."

"Well, don't mind if I do," he said, picking up the syringe closest to him and concentrating on staying calm, together. He sat down and drew ¼cc of water into the syringe.

Stoney took the spoon and dipped a good hit from the open bag. He squeezed the bulb, emptying the ¼cc into the spoon with the meth. The powder went into solution immediately and Stoney was pleased at that. Looks like grade-A crank, he thought. He dropped a small wad of cotton into the spoon and the hit was absorbed completely. As he drew the solution back into the syringe, he noticed with satisfaction that his hands were hardly shaking. He inverted the rig, squeezed out a little air, and righted it again as he released the rubber bulb. He observed the small bubbles rushing up through the hit. One tiny bubble remained, separating the hit from the neck of the spike.

Stoney tied off with his belt, sitting on the buckle and holding the other end in his mouth. The veins stood out in relief beneath the glaring light cast by the naked bulbs. He aligned the spike along his outstretched arm, tapped the bulb once firmly, and the point slid in perfectly.

The rush was immediate and even better than he'd expected. The speed hit his brain and seemed to lift him right out of the chair. The rush increased in intensity for a while and then leveled off. Stoney was ecstatic.

"Too fuckin' much, man!" He grinned at his companions. "That shit's as good as it comes." His mind was racing. His throat was suddenly dry and he could feel small tremors in his hands. Be cool, he told himself —everything's under control.

"Yeah, it's farout crank, Stone," Pito responded to the comment Stoney had already forgotten he'd made a moment earlier.

Pito looked at his watch. "Well, look, man," he said, "we gotta go do some business now, so you wanna go ahead and take your pound with you?"

Stoney knew the time had come.

He rose and walked to the head of the table, only a few feet from his unsuspecting friends. He reached behind him, drew and cocked the gun in the same motion. The three partners stared in slackjawed astonishment. Steadying his right wrist with his left hand, Stoney held the pistol at arm's length, leveled at Pito's chest.

The gun looked enormous, seeming to dwarf Stoney's trembling hand. The barrel vibrated in half-inch arcs in response to his nervousness. He could feel the beads of sweat on his forehead and above his lip. Little rivulets ran into the corners of his eyes and he blinked against the salty sting. His heart was slamming against his ribs.

Pito didn't move, but he finally managed to speak. "Don't do it, Stoney. For God's sake, don't do it."

Stoney's jaws were clenched, locked together by the pressure of nervous energy. His tongue felt huge and he could barely croak his words through his gritted teeth. "Nobody moves. Nobody talks." He tried to loosen his jaws from their grinding tension. "I know this stinks, man, but it's my big chance. I'm takin' it all."

Bull started to get up from his chair. "You're a dead man, Stoney. You better think—"

Stoney's eyes shone with a frenzied urgency as he swung the gun a foot to the right, where it then pointed directly at Bull's huge head. Bull had come halfway out of his chair but, when Stoney moved, carefully slid back down in his seat without a sound.

Stoney kept the pistol aimed squarely at Bull's face. "Listen, asshole," he hissed, "don't feed me any of your jive shit. I know this is for keeps—I don't need some musclebound fuckup to tell me that."

The two stared unblinkingly at each other across the dining table. Stoney's throat was tightening as he spoke. The muscles of his jaws felt as if they were trying to cramp, and his speech was a hoarse rasp. "Look, motherfuckers, maybe I gave you turds too much credit. Maybe you're just too fuckin' stupid to understand what's happenin' here. So I'll explain so's nobody'll make another mistake like ol' Bull here just done. What's goin' on here is simply that you're bein' ripped off. But not by just any clown off the street. You're bein' ripped off by somebody who's scared out of his brains, who's so nervous he's jumpin' through his own asshole, who's flippin' out with a half spoon of crank runnin' through him, and"—Stoney's eyes were wide and white behind the dark steel of the .357—"who's just drawn down on his best buddies with a piece that'll make your face look like a Gainesburger."

Talking had left the muscles in Stoney's throat straining rhythmically to the pounding of his arteries and he felt choked with the throbbing strain. The passage in his throat felt no bigger than a broomstraw. The room was absolutely, totally still. Stoney could hear the hum of an electric clock on the wall at the opposite end of the room. The moment seemed to drag on forever.

The ring of the telephone exploded into the silence. At least, it sounded like an explosion to Stoney's wired ears. And it was his ruin. To Stoney, the sound was so sudden, so unexpected, that for just an instant he panicked. He realized his mistake

—Continued on page 68

Roach Lighter!

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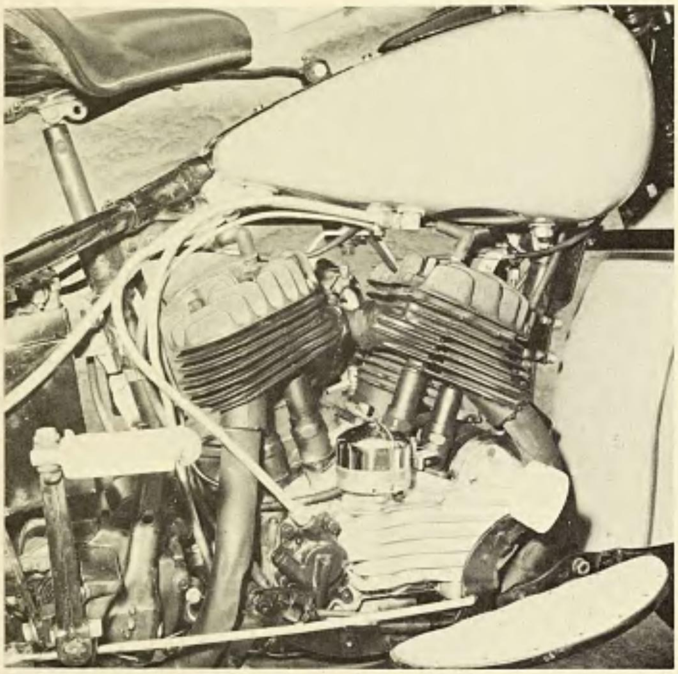
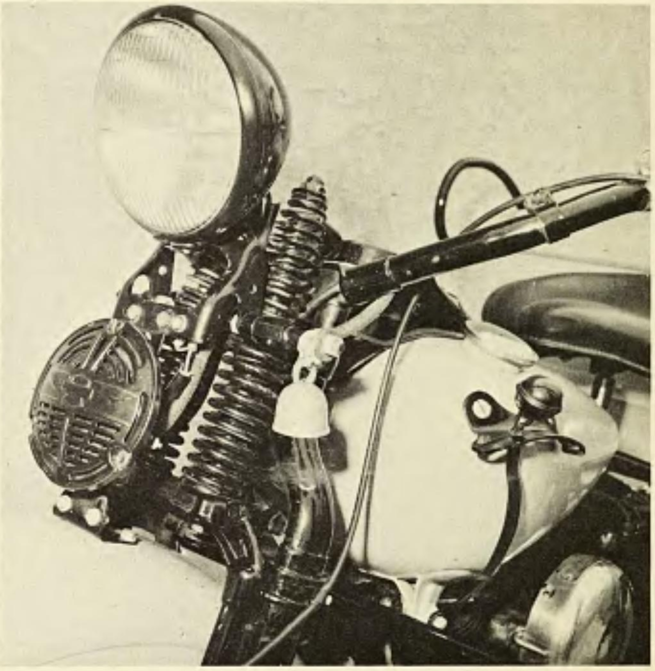
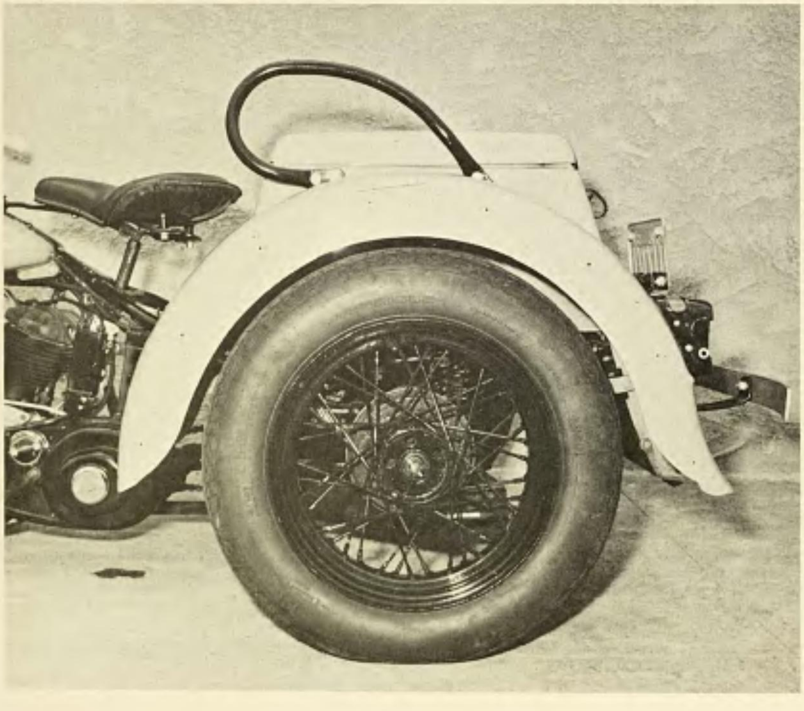
1941 WORK HORSE



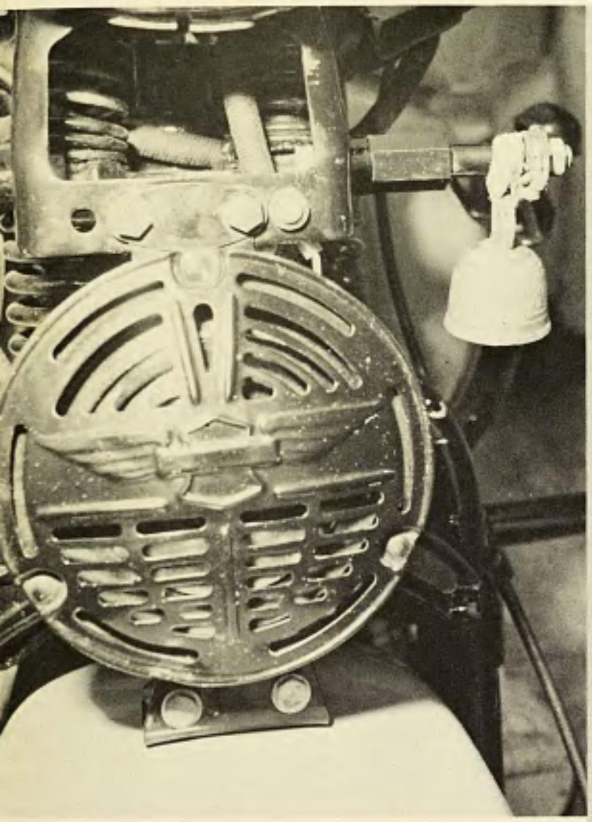


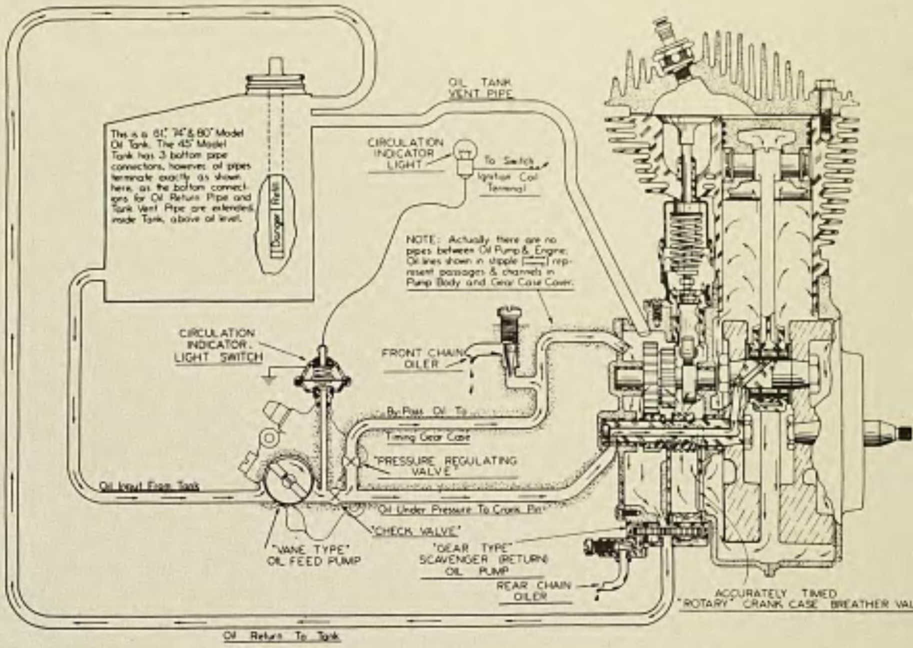


When scooter people get tired and stop building their own bikes, they usually just lay out the bucks for a new scoot. But Bob, the owner of this trike, couldn't build his own, so after gettin' wasted for a month or so, came up with an idea. He contracted with the local Hog farm to breed him a new bike. But he didn't want a late model or a custom scooter manufactured from a new stock bike. He asked the people at Ventura Harley-Davidson to build him a complete, stock, antique 45 Servi-car.

It just happened that the Hog shop had an almost complete 1941 trike. So, as Bob instructed, they completely rebuilt the old truck from top to bottom. When it was completed he could almost tell his partners that he had a brand new old putter.

Recently we've featured a bunch of 45-cu.-in. powered scooters. Our reason was two-fold: there are more parts (at





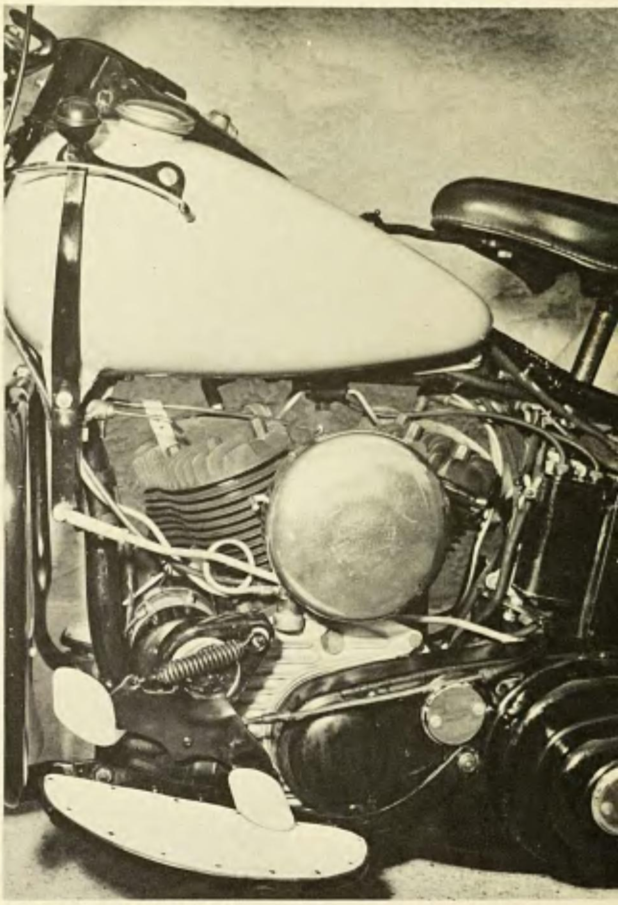
SCHEMATIC DIAGRAM—SIDE BY SIDE VALVE "V" TYPE ENGINE OILING SYSTEM

DESCRIPTION AND ENGINE DATA

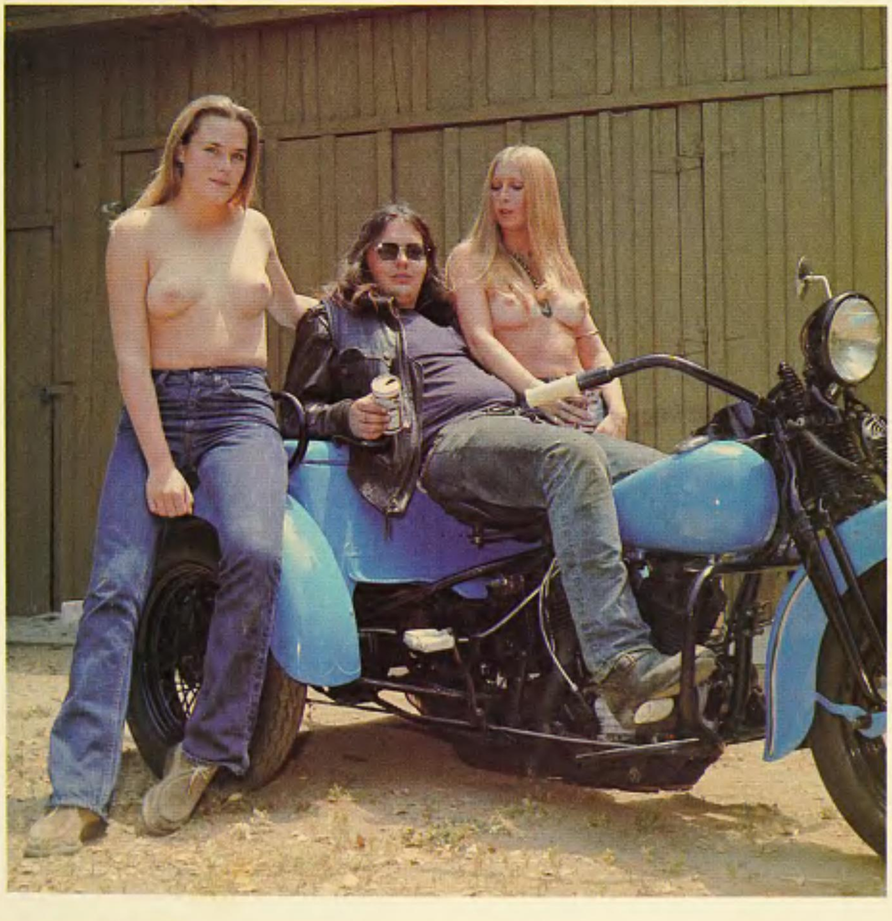
a. Description. The vehicle is powered by a two-cylinder, V-type, L-head gasoline engine, operating on four-stroke, four-cycle principle. The bearings, pistons and rings, cylinder walls, bushings and gears are lubricated by a force-feed circulating oil system. Engine oil supply is maintained in a separate tank. Tolerances and fits are held to close standards, calling for precise and fine workmanship on the part of the mechanic.

b. Engine Data.

Engine type	V-type, L-head
Number of cylinders	2
Engine cooling	Air
Cylinder bore	$2\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Stroke	$3\frac{13}{16}$ in.
Displacement	45.12 cu in.
Horsepower (N.A.C.C. rating)	6.05
Compression ratio	5.0 to 1
Inclination of cylinders	45 deg
Lubrication	Circulating oil system
Fuel, gasoline	72 octane or higher
Engine (power unit) weight	114 lb
Rotation (sprocket side)	Counterclockwise
Ignition	Battery



Photos by Pete Chiodo

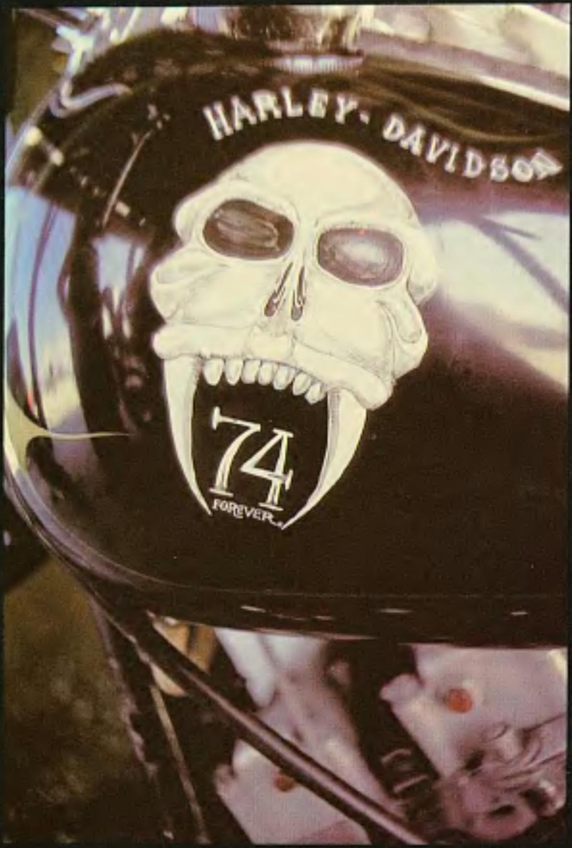


cheaper prices) available; and with the short-stroke, low-compression engine the bikes usually last longer.

But even if they didn't, the flathead configuration engine has the eye-catching class of the old ULH 80-flatheads, and the even earlier side-valve models. In Bob's case, he has a 1941 classic that can only get classier as it gets older.

—Weed

CYCLE ART



Here's one biker's collection of cycle art. Captain Beyond, the man who captured these renditions applied to various parts of scooters, putts to all the big parties, where he gets off on bike art and, naturally, the happenings at the runs. He snatches the scenes with his film box; then, when he gets his ass home, he puts the flicks on a slide projector, turns on the tunes, gets fucked up, flicks the flicks and trips.

These shots were taken at runs like Daytona, Kern River, the last great Laconia run—anywhere there's bikers and scooters. He can relive any run and the art he found there by simply snapping on his projector.

At least this bro has something to show for a good run besides a throbbing skull, empty pockets, and a filthy scooter. When he tells a tale about this run or that party he has flicks to prove he was there. He'll also have bunches of mind-expanding bike art to trip on for years to come.

—Bandit

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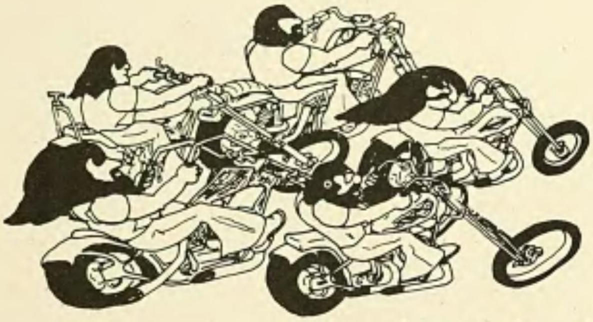
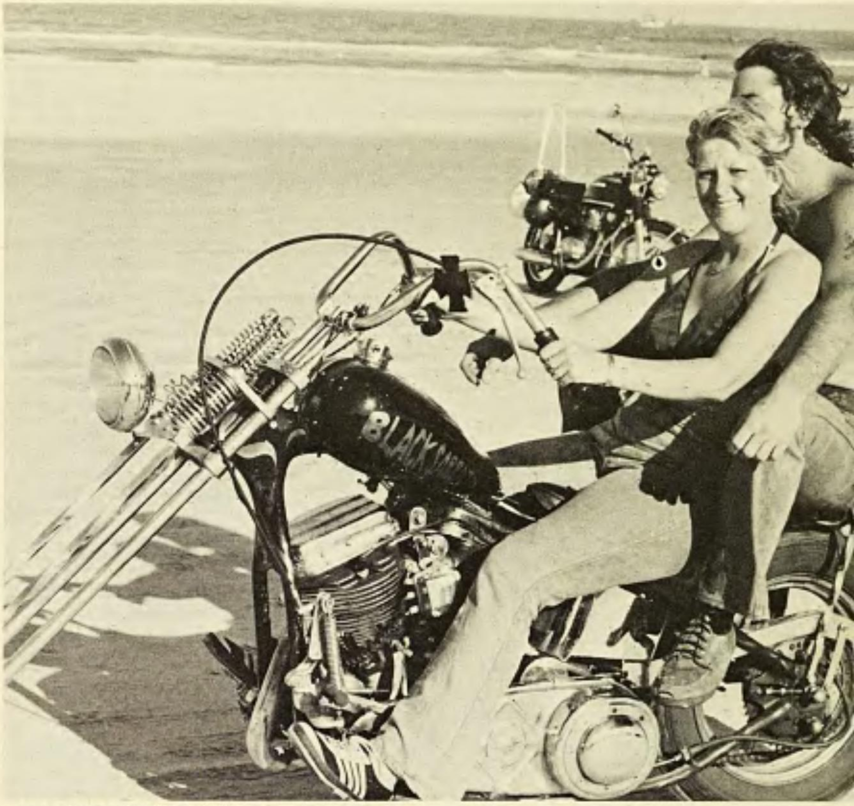


In the Wind

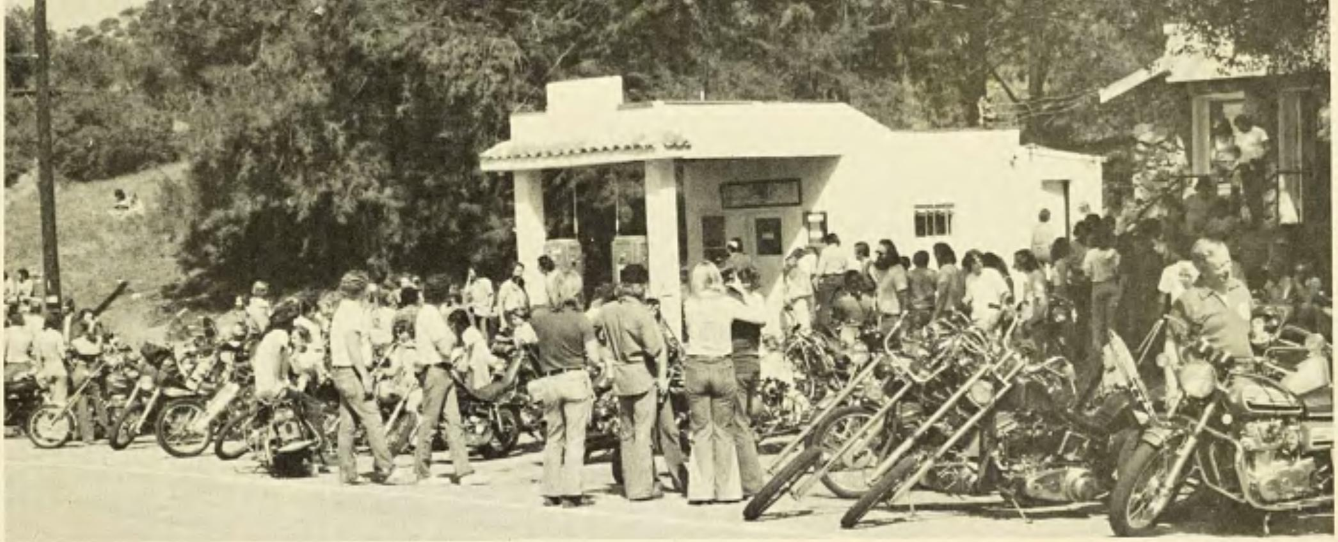
As you can see, our readers are really getting with it and are sending us some good usable stuff. We also receive a lot of good color prints and color negatives, but we cannot use them. We can use only black and white prints (any size), and color slides (either 35mm or 2¼ x 2¼)—nothing else. As we've said in previous issues, we feel the photos shown here typify the exhilaration and feeling of complete freedom enjoyed by bikers everywhere. Nothing illustrates this freedom—This leaving all your problems and cares behind you, this letting it all hang out groove—better than the sight of a guy kicked back, feet up on highway pegs, with his girl tucked in behind him, flying down the highway with their hair blowing in all directions.



—from Brian, Malibu, Calif.

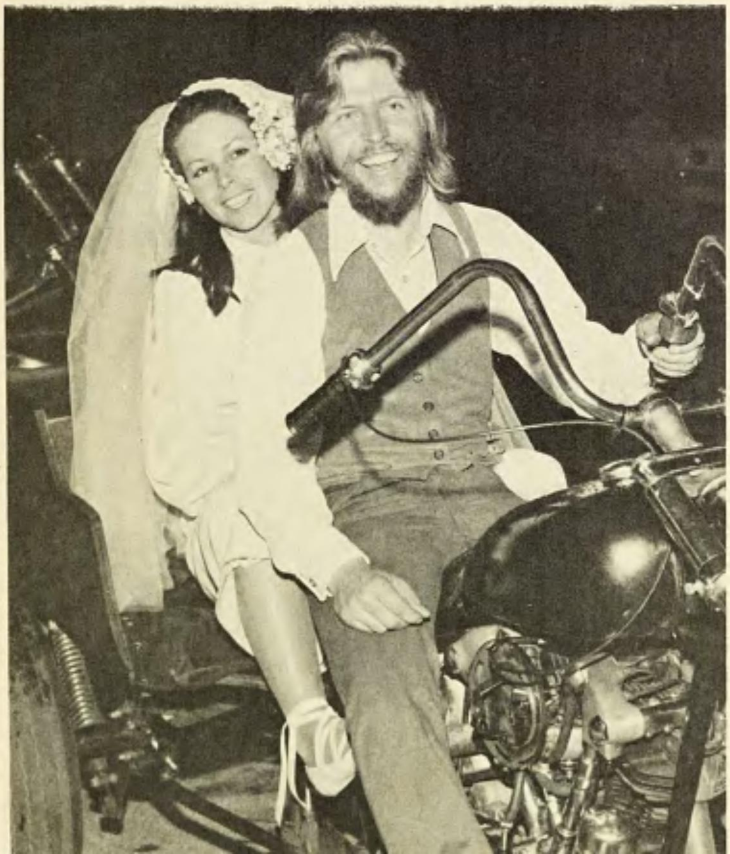
—from Wino Joe

—from Gary and Ralph, Detroit, Mich.

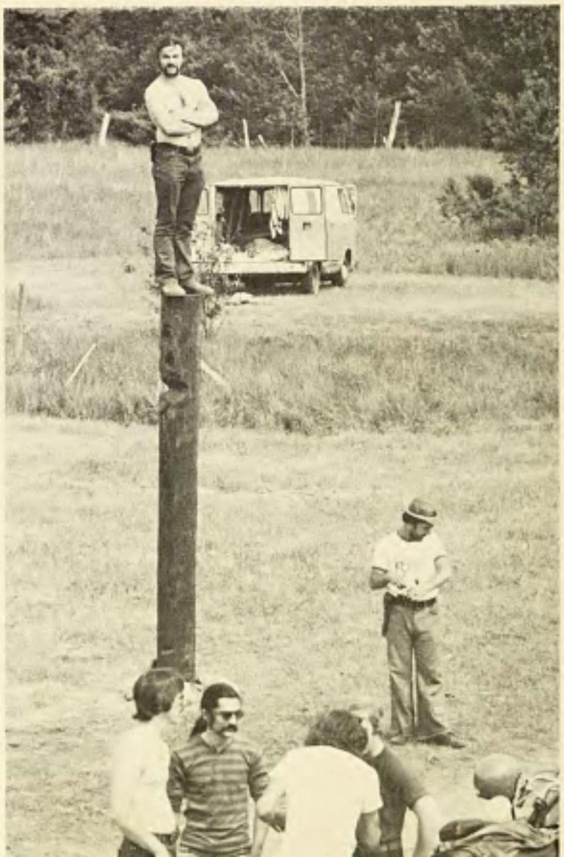


—from Mimi Papelian, Thousand Oaks, Calif.

—from Paul Staryak, Little River, Calif.



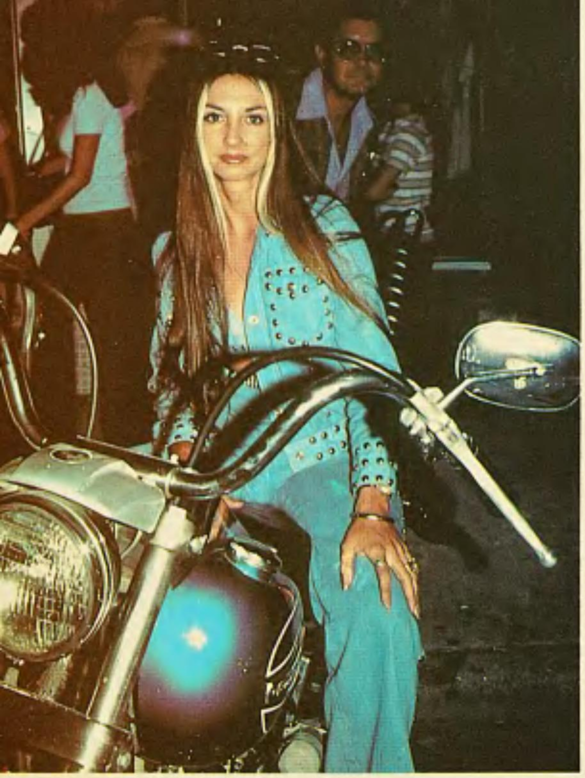
—from Ken and Cookie Peterson, Salinas, Calif.



—from Mead Moser, Spokane, Wash.

—from Larry Lochmann, Wichita, Kans.

—from John and Friend at Pig Roast



—from R. Cody, Marietta, Ohio

—from R. Charbonneau, New Bedford, Mass.

—from Tony, Pompano Beach, Fla.

—from Brian, Malibu, Calif.

—from Rogue, Bridgeport, Conn.

—from D.L.F., Gainesville, Fla.

—from Dan Burke, Snyder, N.Y.

Dave Mann Went Down

One of those careless motorists tried to dust our brother. But Dave pulled through with only a broken foot and a dose of road rash. And while he's down his art goes on. As you can see here his bike has already been repaired and is ready for the road.

Easyriders Magazine

SNAZZY SPORTSTER

Ya know, bunches of people truck scooters to Daytona each year just to display them for one lousy day at the custom bike show on the beach. It's a good show, all right. Lots of pretty bikes line the boardwalk adjacent to the sand. The competition is stiff, since the scooters are trucked (some ridden) from every corner of the States just to glitter in the Daytona sun.

Well, this bright red sled was one of those putts packed into a van like an over-sized diamond ring and gently carted to the east side of Florida. Even nestled in the velvet lining of the black van, it was so bright that we decided to

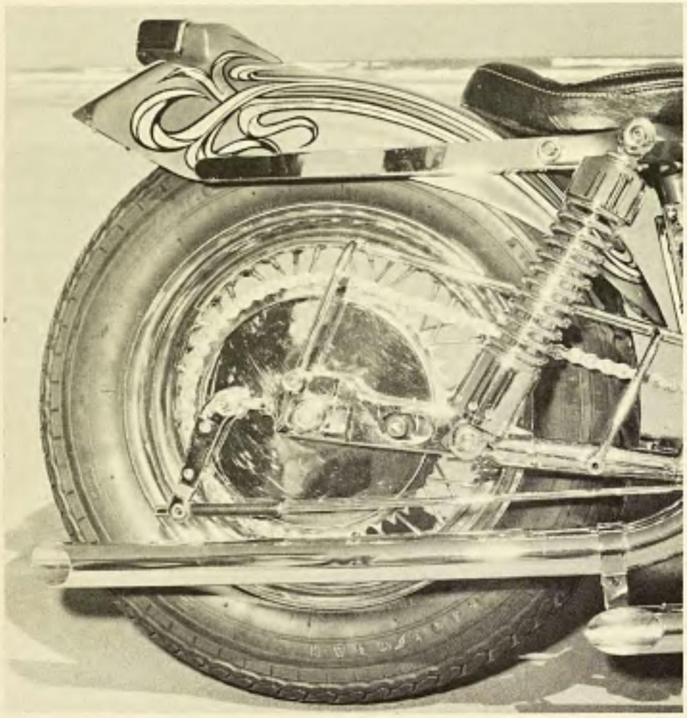
feature this glimmering example of an Arlen Ness style sportster.

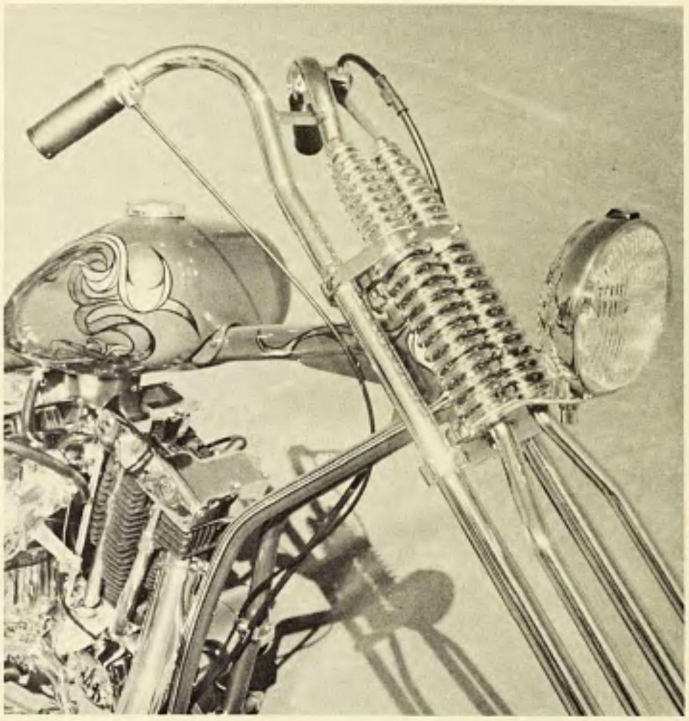
We don't often feature a bike that has yet to hit the streets, even for a few trial runs. But the summer sun reflecting off all the glitter lulled us into shooting this one.

In fact, the owner of this jewel put the finishing touches to the bike while truckin' from Massachusetts, where riding weather was non-existent in March, to sunny Florida. When he left, the bike wasn't quite complete. So while mama guided the cage, Tom, the owner, wrenched feverishly in the back. The bike was just completed when we took these flicks.

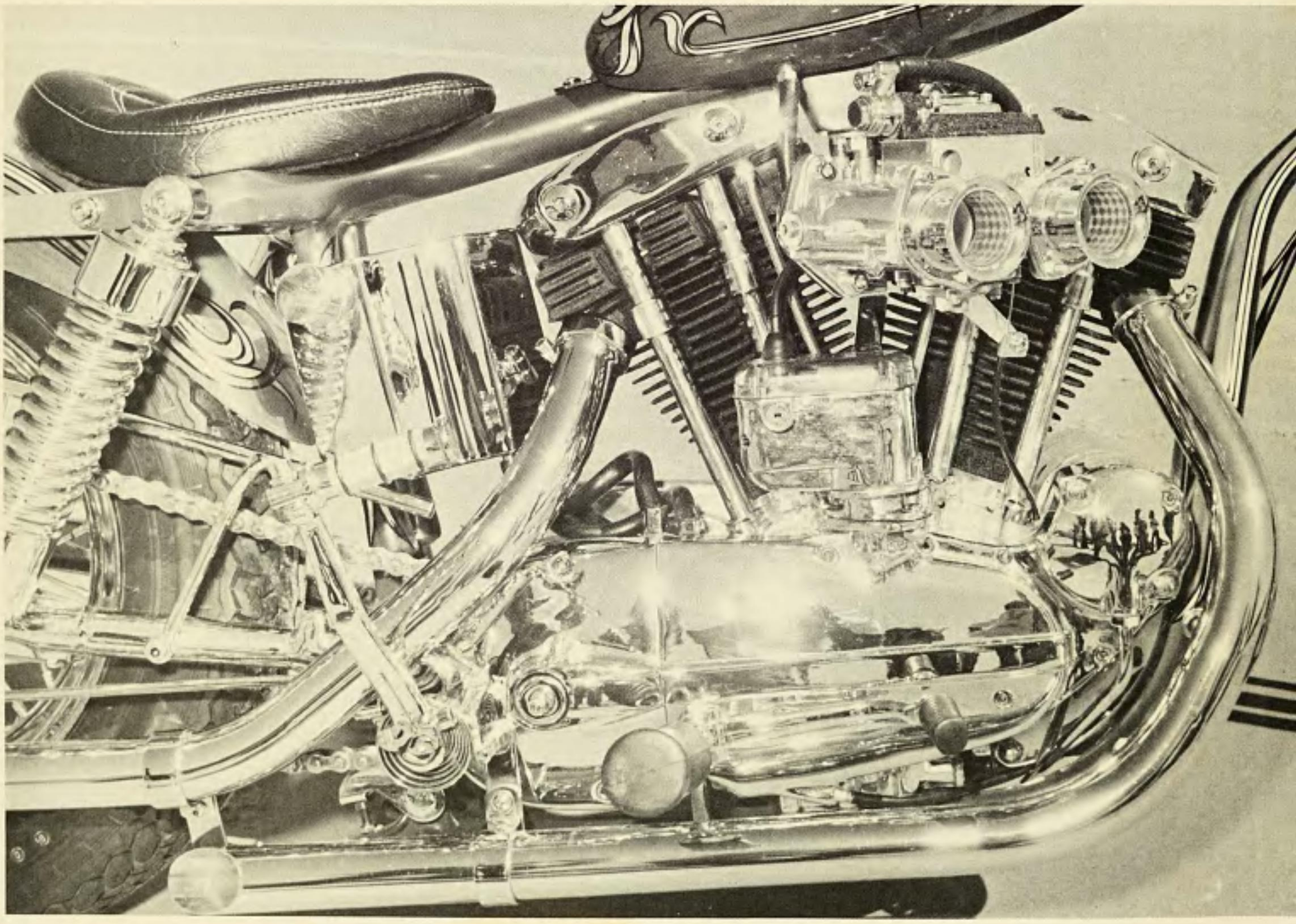
It's some kind of accomplishment to form a masterpiece, like this Sporty, in the back of a van. And anyone dedicated enough to truck a putt 1500 miles to display it for one hot summer day has got to be proud of his bike—or nuts.

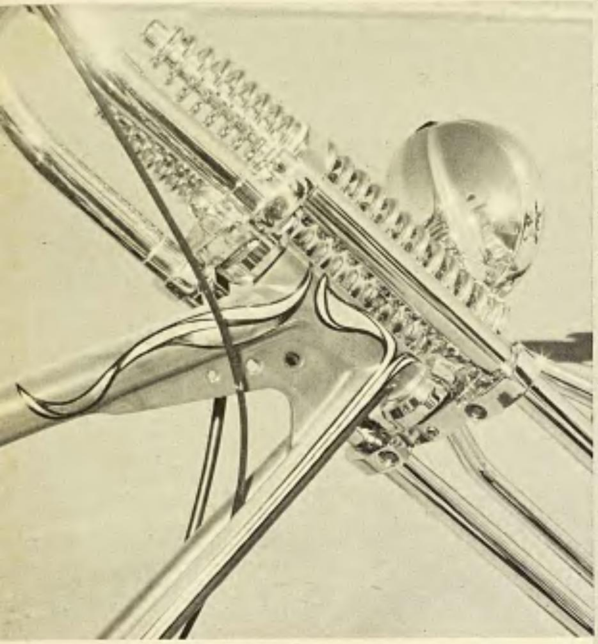
—Renegade

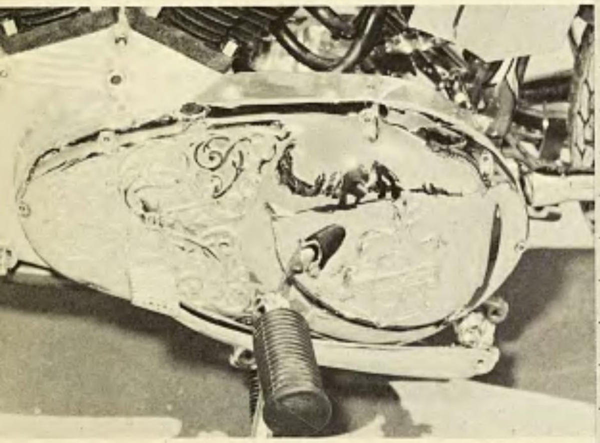


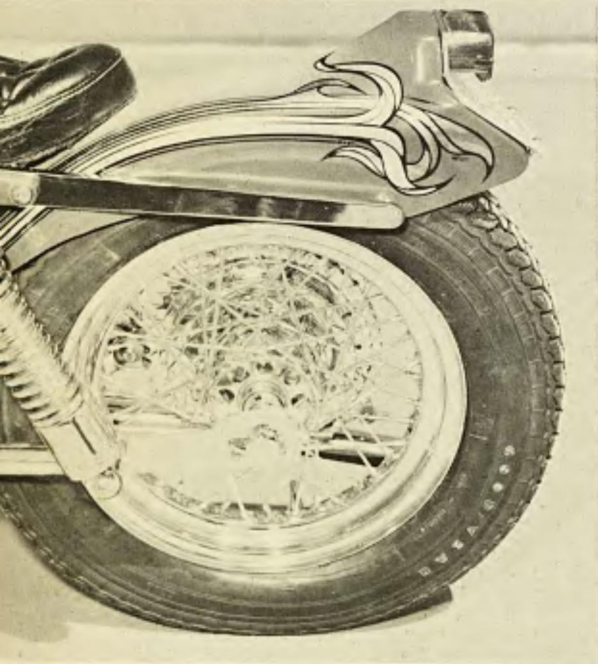


Photos by Pete Chiodo









Owners: Tom Bandoni	**City:** Norwood, Mass.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1966 HD.	
Year and make: '66 Sportster	Builder: Cycle Fab	
Model:	Type: Arlen Ness front section	
Value: $4,200	Rake: ten degrees	
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: six inches	
Time: over 200 hours	Other alterations:	
Chroming by: So. Shore Plating	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: Arlen Ness	
Year: '66	Risers: none	
Model: Sportster	Fender(s): Arlen Ness	
Rebuilder: owner	Headlight: Lucas	
Ignition: magneto	Taillight: Lucas	
Displacement: 900cc.	Speedo: none	
Lower end: balanced	Front pegs: stock	
Balancing: Cycle Fab	Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: TRW	Electrics: owner	
Cases: polished	Gas tank: Paughco	
Heads: Paul Horowitz	Oil tank: Arlen Ness	
Cam: HD XR-750	Oil system: owner	
Lifters: H-D	Primary cover: Magnussen	
Carb(s): Del Orto	Seat: Arlen Ness	
Air cleaner: Del Orto	Sissy bar: none	
Pipes: HD XR-750	Height:	
Muffler(s): none	Material:	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: stock	Type: springer	
Year: '66	Extension: eight inches	
Shifting: stock	Builder: Arlen Ness	
Engine sprocket: 22	Special features: trimmed allen bolts	
Trans sprocket: 21	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 21 spool	Size: 15 inch
Molding: Mike Yanow	Hub:	Hub: HD
Painter: John E. Hartnett	Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: candy maroon over pearl	Tire: Avon	Tire: radial
Type: lacquer	Brake: none	Brake: HD
Special paint: gold and silver leaf covered by clear lacquer— John Hartnett		
Other special modifcations: fork stop, button allens on shock studs, rear struts		

Perfect Xmas gift!

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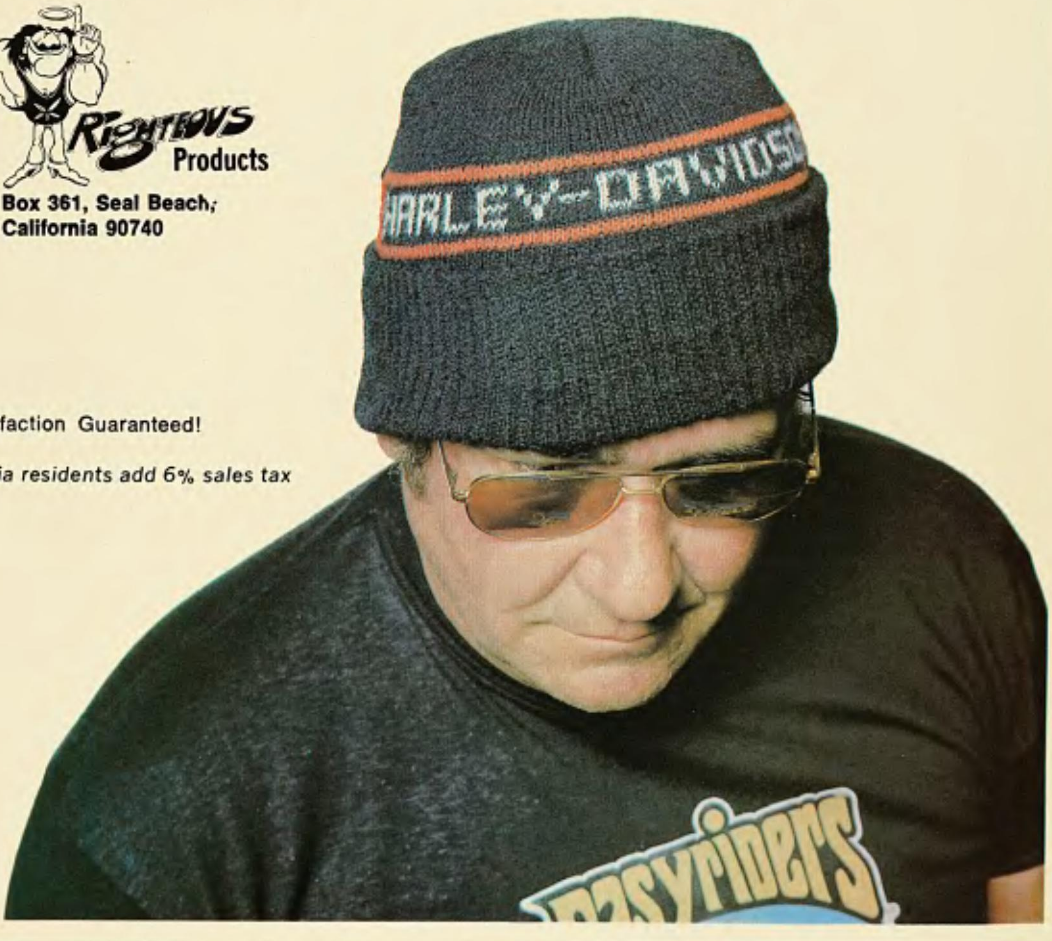


TRISHA

Scooter Lady Returns

Neat Trisha's 35-22-35 bod once packed against many a 74 sissy bar. But she had retired from puttin' for the last couple of years — until we came into the picture.

Photos by Pete Chiodo

Her vacation from the road probably ended as soon as she got mixed up with Easyriders. *When she turned up and found the bikes parked outside the photo studio it all started coming back to her. Once inside, naked and slithering all over the pretty pan in these photos, she began to reminisce about leaning back against a comfortable packer bar and watching the asphalt slip beneath her. Memories of scootin' along tree-shrouded, mountain roads boggled her mind.*

Then, as if her entire scootin' life was makin' a comeback, Flash from Uncle Flash's tattoo parlor strolled in after parking his stroker. They checked each other out intensely. And she suddenly recognized Flash as a bro she once knew. Again memories flooded back. We're makin' bets that Trisha will be snuggled up against some bro's back the next time we meet.

—Dog Breath

Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Dusty, your yummy and ours, proves she has more than a wicked body by creating this new feature. She's really an astrology freak, and what she writes here are facts.

Sagittarius (November 22—December 20)
Yours is the sign that is "part horse" and "part man." Just about every hot twat in town knows the horse part. But the man part could turn into a jackass this month. Be generous with your sperm juice, your booze, and maybe even your dope. Best think twice before loaning your dough. Sometimes borrowing bread makes people sick — it causes "amnesia"!

Capricorn (December 21—January 19)
You could have a shitload of neighbor trouble this month. If you would ever come down for a day, you might find out why. Could be you've moved in between the Waltons and the fucking "fruit of the month" club. Hell, try picking your nose on 'em or maybe poop your pants in front of 'em. If that doesn't get them off your case, ask all your partners over and party down a few days. If that don't work, nothing will!

Aquarius (January 20—February 18)
It seems your ol' lady's sugar drawers turn out to be ants in her pants. You're starting to feel like you live in a pig pen. Maybe it's time to go with a new sweat hog. Besides, your bro's fried Alpo tastes better than her crapfl Wise up—she'd have to be "Deep Throat" (or rich) to put up with. Find another broad to bang!

Pisces (February 19—March 20)
It's about time some good shit happened for ya! You've been dragging your nuts till they're numb. There's some cash coming your way (maybe you'll find the money your ol' lady is saving for a twat lift). Perhaps some fool will give twice the value for your basket case. Take part of the bread and buy your ol' lady some odor eaters for her crotch.

Aries (March 21—April 20)
This month could bring out the beast in ya! There's some damfool redneck with a hardon for your scoot. So be extra careful while you're out puttin'. Both your imagination and your ramrod are working overtime now. You may be hearing some shaky-sounding gossip about a tight partner. Ignore it—someone's pointing a stinkfinger in the wrong direction!

Taurus (April 21—May 20)
This period may find you so financially fucked that you'll have to go out and swipe your asswipe. You may notice your ol' lady is cleaning the crib better. But what she's really doing is lookin' for those reds you lost last month. Around mid-month pull in your horns and don't get involved in any asskicking. Instead, point your pecker at some pork-powered piggie and pound your troubles away!

Gemini (May 21—June 20)
As the year comes to a close, you may decide to get your reckless rectum out and find a straight job (no shit). Well, you couldn't have picked a better time for it. You might even step in and take some shit-lip's job away. So jerk your joint out of the juice and dig out those uppers you've been hiding from your ol' lady. You'll soon be reamin' and schemin' with the top brass!

Cancer (June 21—July 21)
It's true — you've had more than your share of shit! But just because things have been looking up for ya, it's not the time to get too loose. Instead of leaving those roaches layin' around, eat 'em! Speaking of eating, every time you get the least bit toasted, you've got to feed your face. Don't be surprised if you end up prying your lips loose from a Stay Free panty pad and earning your red wings!

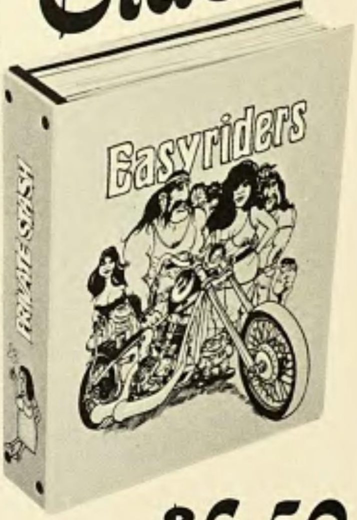
Leo (July 22—August 21)
You're used to being first from a chugalug to a gangbang. But your royal highnass may have his robe full of road apples and a deflated ego this month. You may have a lot of minor irritations to tolerate now. First, the dog eats your flick of Miraculous Mutha, then your ol' lady throws your stash in the washer, and worse yet, the mailman jacks off on your new **Easyriders**! Hang in there a while longer.

Virgo (August 22—September 21)
If you've been puttin' more and enjoying it less, it's because your carburetor's coughing and your crankshaft is taking a crap on ya. Instead of getting wasted and watching "Dialing For Dildoes," get your act together. Right now you super studs could jingle your jollies to the right tune and be given a new S.U., plus have your nuts sucked till your eyes bulge. Hell, who cares if it's from your hairlip cousin!

Libra (September 22—October 22)
This month big things come in small packages, especially the good shit you'll score. Just remember — everyone knows it's the brown-nosing sniveler who turns out to be the snitch. Now you could very well be his excuse for a way out. So don't do anything you can't explain legally. If you do, you'll end up in jail, jerking off in a cocksock!

Scorpio (October 23—November 21)
You better make damn sure that it's jizz you're shooting off and not your mouth. This month a loose lip could get you either ripped off or fucked over. So don't let anything leak out, unless it's the drizzlin' shits. Otherwise, this can be a ball-bustin' good time. Remember, more balling and less blabbing! ■

Class



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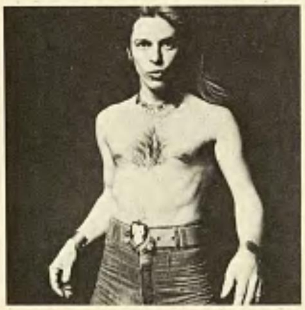
DOWN-TIME ENTERTAINMENT

BY ZOM

SOUNDS

STEAL YOUR FACE/THE GRATEFUL DEAD: Make that grateful listening audience since this double album is another milestone for easily the best fucking rock band in the world. A lot of it is old material, and it was recorded two years ago, live at Winterland in SanFran, but your old versions of a lot of Dead classics were worn out anyway, right? Besides, how the hell are they going to spend this whole year on the road here and in Europe if they have to hang around recording studios? (They're playing to much smaller, more intimate audiences on this massive tour. Their explanation: "We won't make much money this tour; it's a present for all the Grateful Dead freaks out there.") High spots on the double disc are "Beat It On Down The Line," "Big River," the unmistakable Dead beat in their famous "U.S. Blues" and the same unmistakable beat behind—are you ready?—"El Paso!" A nice, long version of "Sugaree" seems vocally slender next to Jerry's other recording of same, but all is forgiven when they finish off with a gut-thumper rendition of "Casey Jones." The Dead don't always dare do this song in concert because the audience starts trying to jump through its own asshole. Crank the mother up and jump through yours, or maybe a friend's.

BALLS OF FIRE/BLACK OAK ARKANSAS: Well, if you like these hot and nasty lads from down souf, stick this in your earphone. Jim Dandy Mangrum, the undisputed king of Cock Rock, blows it out on the title song. There are a couple of suckos, but for the most part, he keeps on truckin'. "Ramblin' Gamblin' Man" is a mover, and the lovely lady's voice you hear on that plus "Fistful Of Love" is Ruby Starr (BOA discovered Ruby and her group, Grey Ghost, and she's spending the next few months touring with her discoverers). "Leather Angel" is nothing but bike engines and music and you just may dig it. While we're at it, congrats to Jim Dandy, who recently received a formal pardon from the Governor of Arkansas. When the boys were younger and getting the group together, they didn't have two cents or a sound system, so they ripped off the one in the school gym. J. Danday received probation for several years an an eight-year suspended sentence. Now, after they've made it big and raised megabucks for state charities, the Gov came around. BOA also just won a lawsuit against a minister who urged residents to boycott their concerts. They didn't ask for any money from him; they just wanted him to eat his words. He called them "a mongrel group of satanic origins that is promoting drugs, sex and revolution." Gee, I'll bet he just loves scooter tramps.



THE TUBE

COLUMBO: If you're a devotee of this bumbling dick, don't miss any segments from now on because they're mighty hard to come by. Star Peter Falk is signing contracts for only one show at a time, but he's one of the few actors on television who's good enough to get away with it.

MARY HARTMAN, MARY HARTMAN: This is without a doubt the funniest, most ridiculous, most outrageous program ever to appear on American television. And the more complaints they receive, the higher the ratings go, so there may be hope for this country yet. Give it one week (two would be better), and you'll likely be laughing your guts out.

FLICKS

THE OUTLAW JOSEY WALES: Clint Eastwood has come a long way from the chorus, and this movie proves it. He directed it, produced it through his own Malpaso Productions, stars in it, and it's damned good. The story isn't exactly unfamiliar. Josey sets off to seek revenge for the murder of his wife during the days of the Civil War, joins a band of raiders, and ends up very much in demand, five thou to be exact. Thing is, though, the good guys who are chasing him now that he's a bad guy are such buttsuckers that it's great fun to watch Clint blow he holy living fuck outta them, one by one. Sam Bottoms is choice as a brief companion, but Chief Dan George as a raunchy old wise-cracking Indian damn near steals the show. It's one of those great escape movies where everything you want to happen happens, and if you care about the artsy-fartsy end of things, the photography boggles the mind and eye.

THE OMEN: Gregory Peck and Lee Remick star as the parents of the nastiest little bastard ever created. Good thriller; much more suspense than that dumbass "Jaws."

ODE TO BILLY JO: Make that **load** to Billy Jo and you know what of. Throw that off the Tallahatchie Bridge.

STEEL YARD BLUES: Oldie but goodie you shouldn't miss, even if it comes around to a pissy-smelling theater. Whatever you have to go through to see this movie is worth it. The film was so poorly distributed that it remains an underground classic for lovers of demolition derbies and just plain good fucking times. Stars Jane Fonda, Donald Sutherland, Peter Boyle. ■

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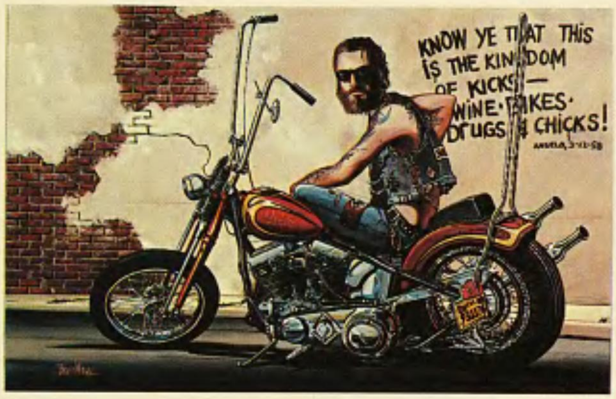

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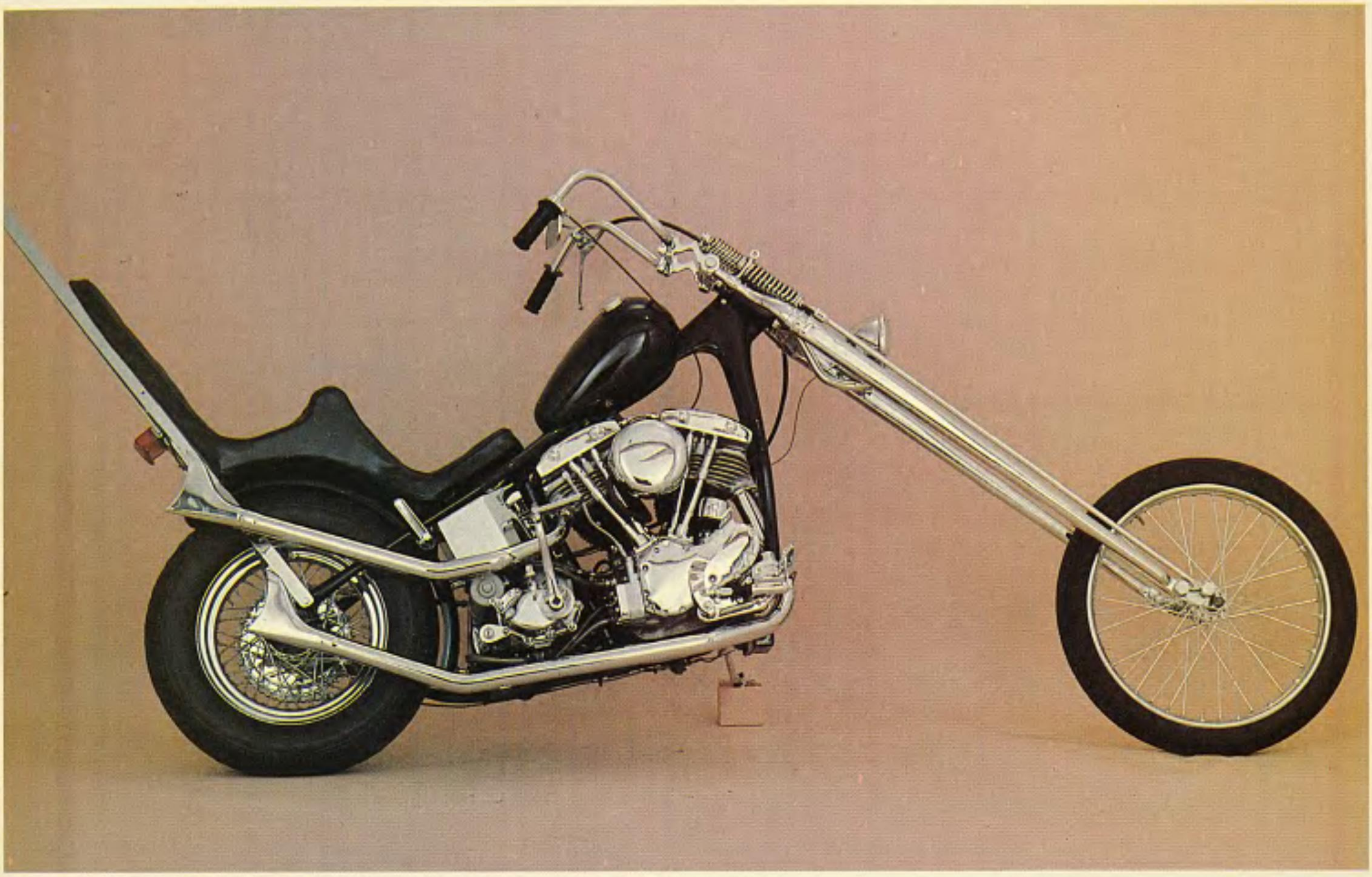

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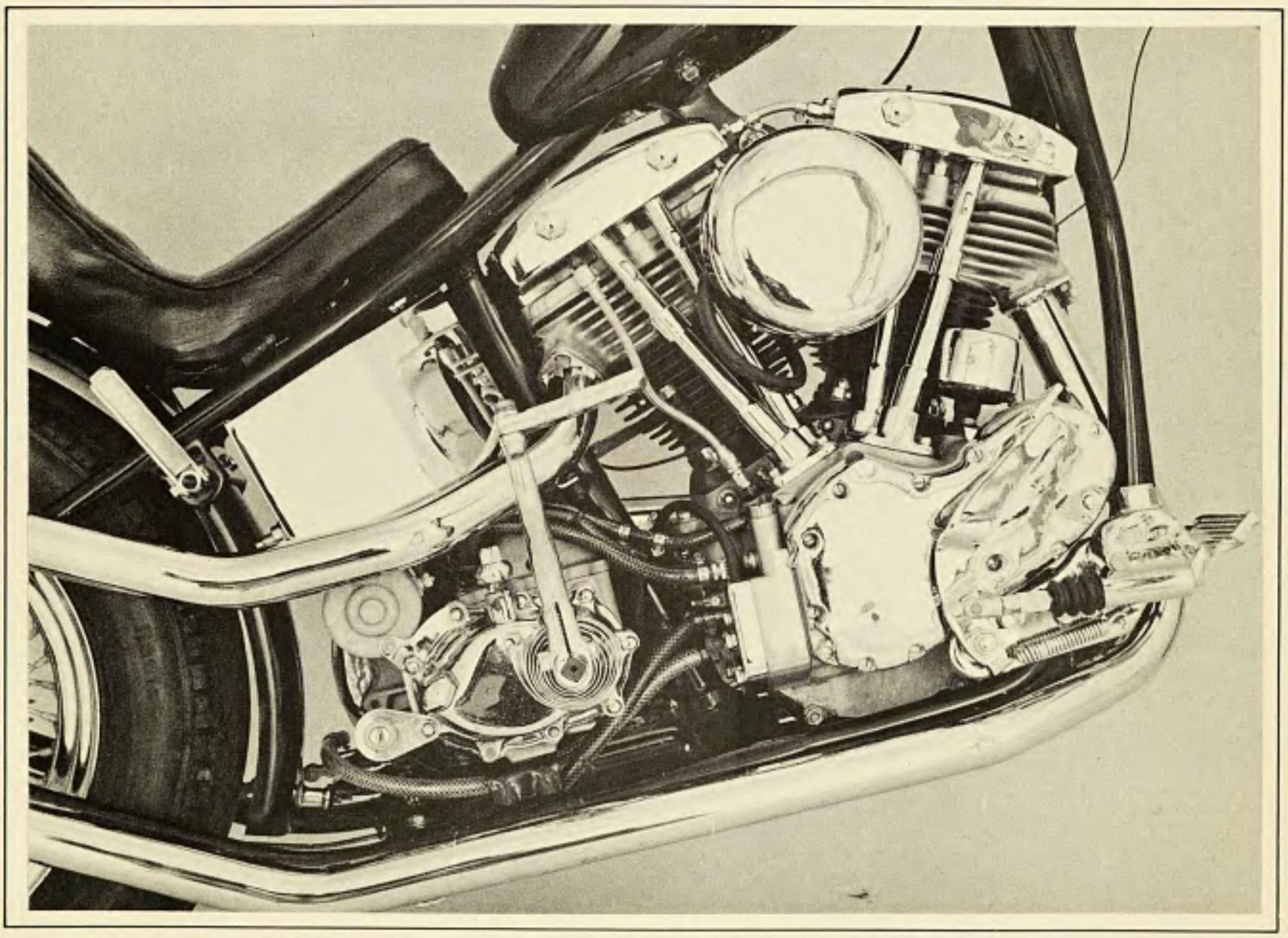
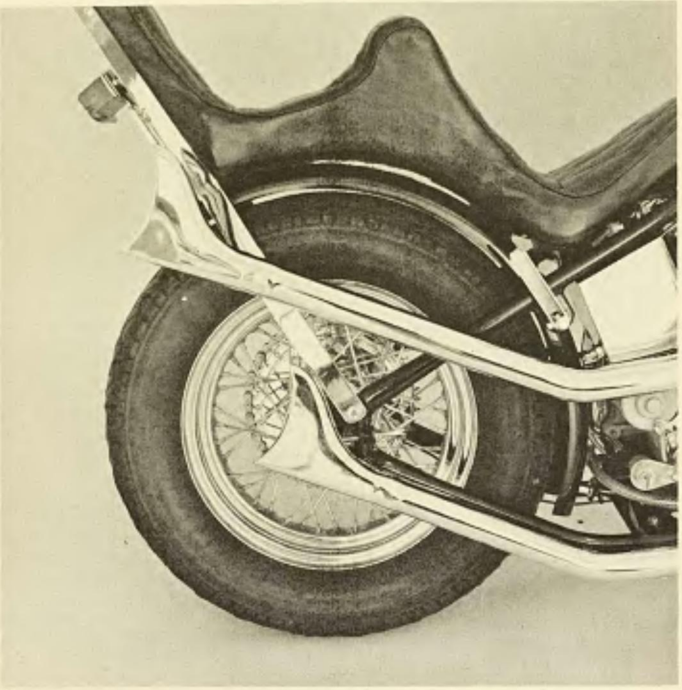
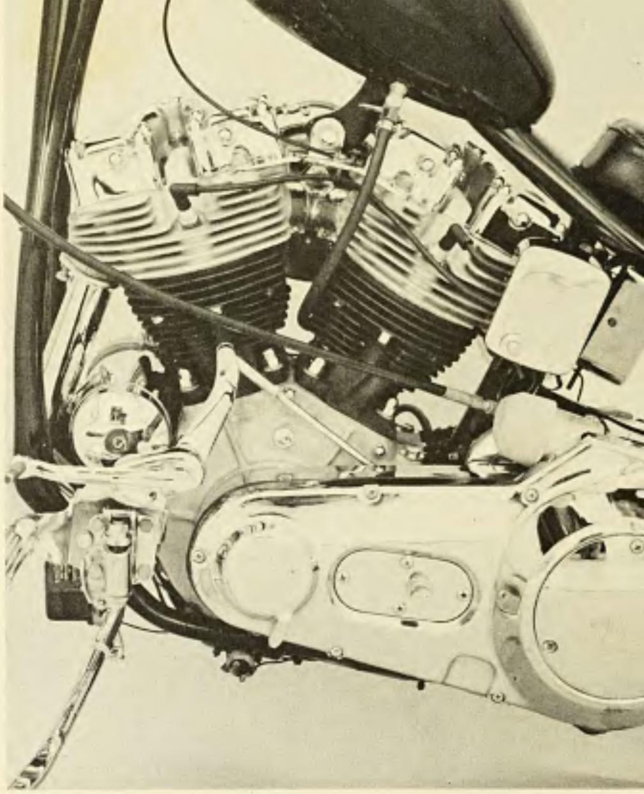


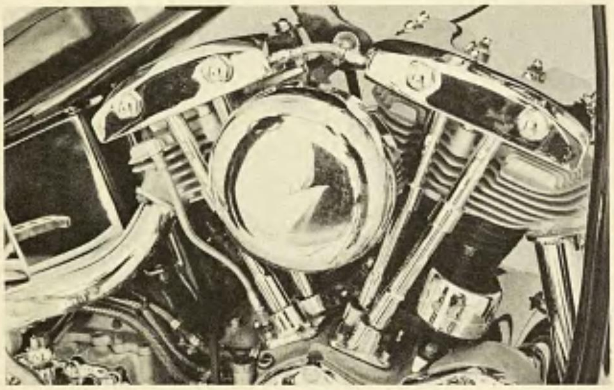
Whatta ya think of Lorrie's bike? It's radical and it's a bad putter. She can handle it, though. Even kick-start it herself (it's also electric). It was really a flash to watch her fire up the monster and take off.

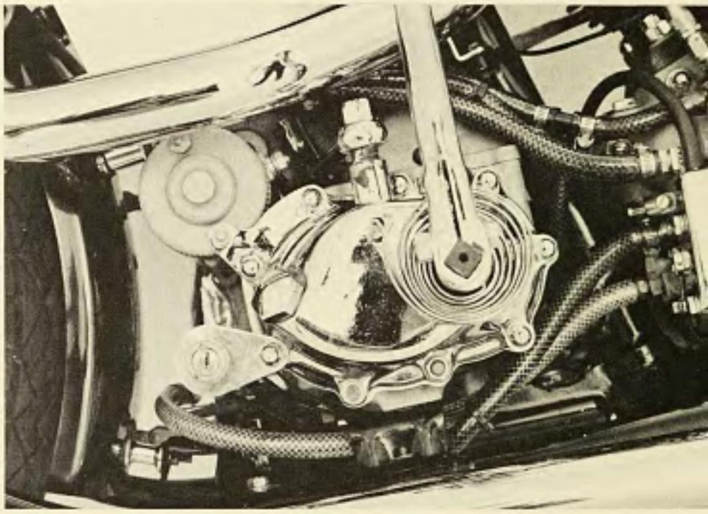
Recently she almost had the sharp black scoot sleezed away from her. A lesson we all could benefit from. Out partyin' one warm summer night, she met up with a slimy-lookin' character who eyed her scoot hard, and of course, her bod. Later he struck up a conversation with her, and offered her a deal on some fancy wheels. Since the particular type of wheels he was runnin' off at the mouth about were just the style she'd been lookin' for, she was interested. As his rap concluded, he requested her phone number so he could line up the deal.

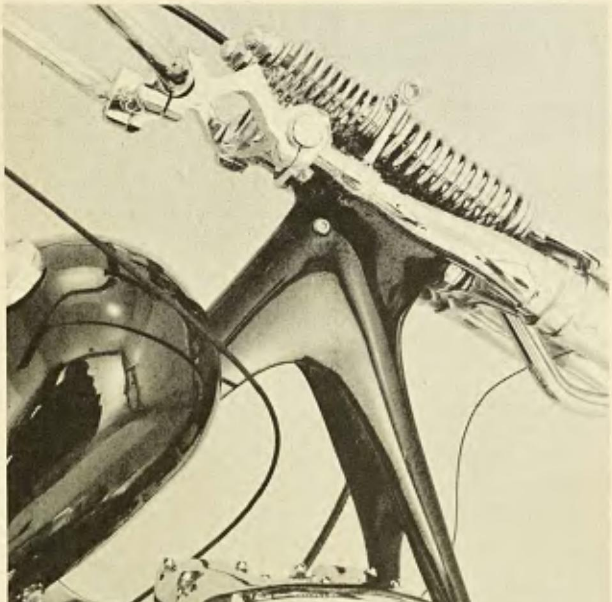
The sleeze promptly used her phone

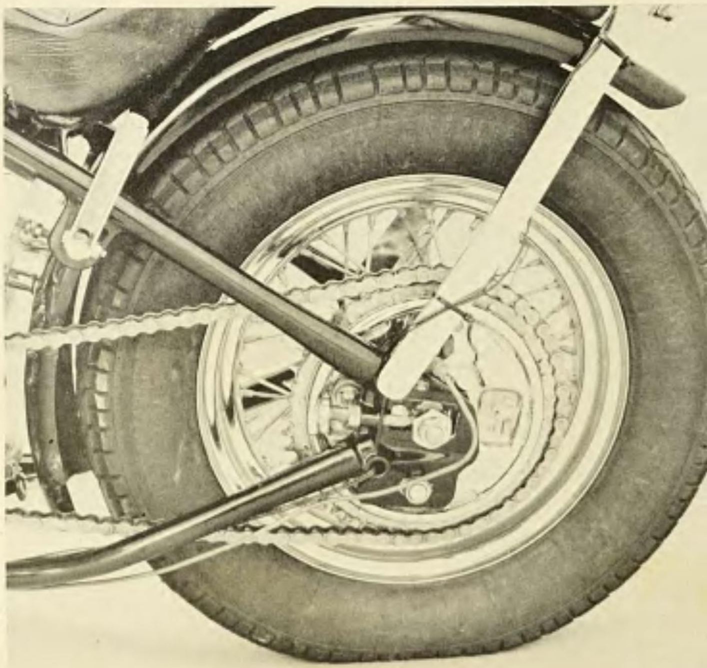












Photos by Pete Chiodo

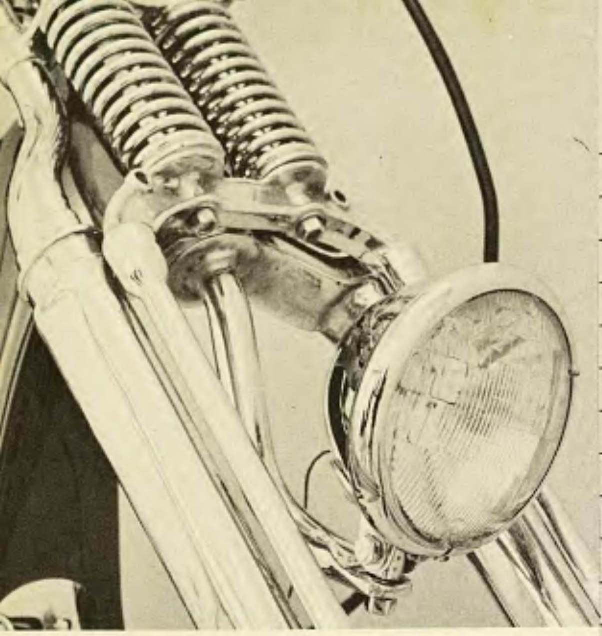
number to come up with her address. All that was left to do was watch the bike until he had a chance to cop it.

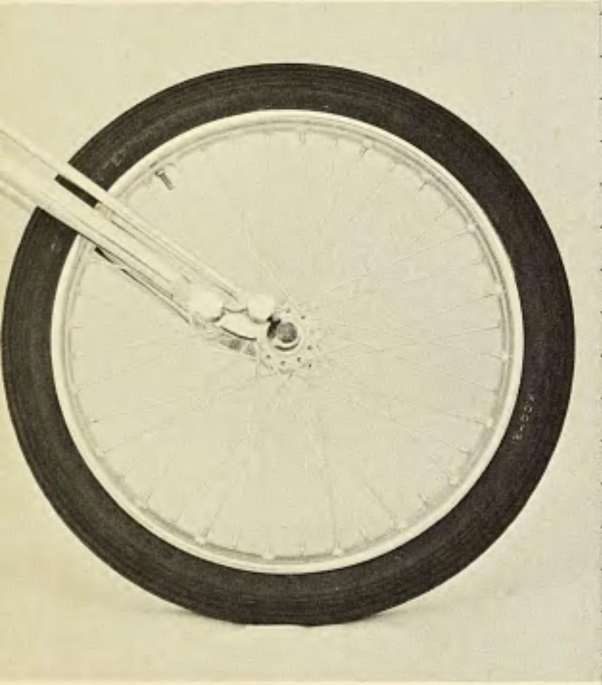
Fortunately the ripoff artist had loose jaws and told a mutual friend about the outtasight putt he was gonna rip off, and the word made the rounds back to Lorrie. Needless to say, she had the business taken care of and still has her shovel. But it might be somethin' to think about during a rap session with an over-friendly dealer.

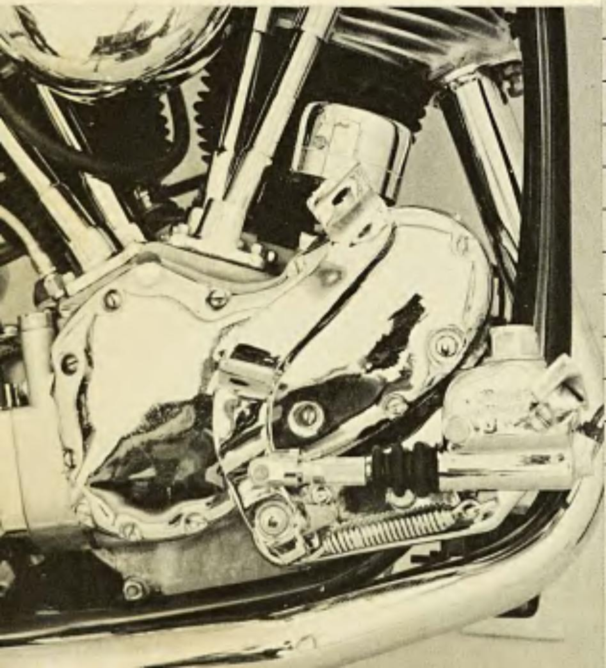
Now for a letdown, that is if you've been trippin' on the fact that Lorrie owns and rides this radical scooter. The bright-eyed dude on the back of the putt is actually the owner of the bike and Lorrie is his sweetie. Ya see, he said that if we wrote a story in which Lorrie was the owner ('cause she can ride it when he's too wasted), he'd come lookin' for us. Well. . . .

—Shotgun

—Continued on next page







Owner: David Hovey

City: Venice, Calif.

General
- Fabrication by: owner
- Year and make: 1955 H-D
- Model: 74
- Value: ?
- Assembly by: owner
- Time: a long time
- Chroming by: G&H

Engine
- Year: 1969
- Model: 74
- Rebuilder: owner
- Ignition: distributor, coil
- Displacement: 74 cu. in.
- Lower end: stock
- Balancing: stock
- Pistons: H-D
- Cases: glass beaded
- Heads: ported & polished
- Cam: FLH
- Lifters: Sifton solids
- Carb(s): Bendix
- Air cleaner: custom
- Pipes: D & S Enterprises
- Muffler(s): none

Transmission
- Modifications: none
- Year: 1969
- Shifting: ratchet top
- Engine sprocket: 24
- Trans sprocket: 26
- Wheel sprocket: 51

Painting
- Molding: Mike Duarte
- Painter: Mike Duarte
- Color: black
- Type: lacquer

Frame
- Year: 1949
- Builder: owner, H-D
- Type: rigid
- Rake: ½ inch
- Stretch: 3 inches
- Other alterations:

Accessories
- Bars: Paughco
- Risers: ?
- Fender(s): flat
- Headlight: Bates
- Taillight: Custom Accessories
- Speedo: none
- Front pegs: Anderson
- Rear pegs: Anderson style
- Electrics: battery, regulator
- Gas tank: Paughco
- Oil tank: Action Choppers
- Oil system: braided lines
- Primary cover: stock
- Seat: owner
- Sissy bar: owner
  - Height: 49 in.
  - Material: 1¼ by ¼ flat stock

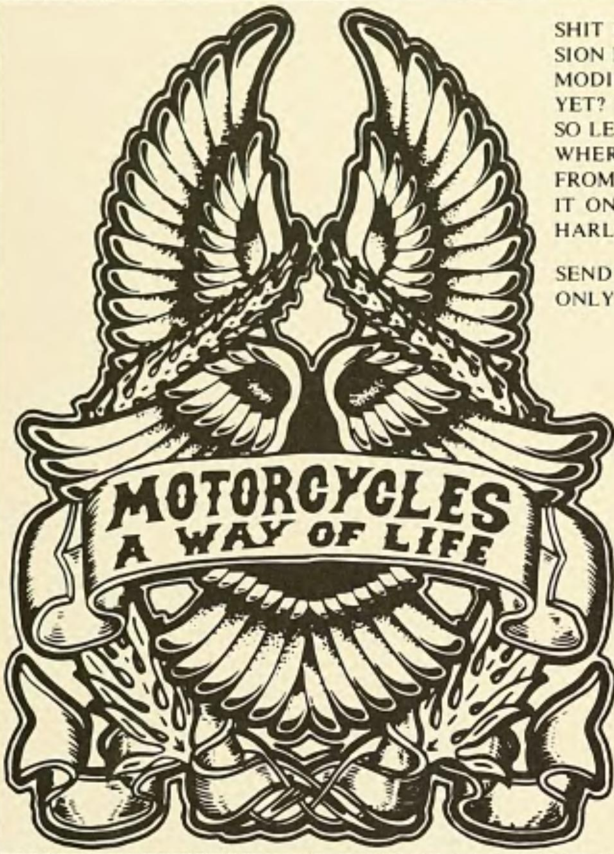
Forks
- Type: H-D springer
- Extension: 26 inches
- Builder: owner
- Special features: headlight bracket

Wheels

Front	Rear
Size: 21	Size: 15
Hub: alloy	Hub: H-D
Rim width: 2¼ in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Tire: 3.00x21	Tire: 165x15
Brake: none	Brake: H-D juice

Special paint: Emeron over lacquer on tankk

Other special modifications:



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The Burn

—Continued from page 35

the instant he made it, but it was too late. He was unable to prevent himself from beginning the whirling motion that, had he completed it, would have left the pistol aimed at the sound emanating from the corner to his right and just slightly beyond the range of his peripheral vision. He realized the source of the noise and instantly checked his motion before it was a quarter completed. But Bull was up at once, lunging across the table and putting everything he had behind the half-full beer bottle whose thick bottom caught Stoney just behind the ear. If Bull had had a straight shot, the blow would have cracked Stoney's skull like an egg and killed him on the spot. But Bull's lunge across the table weakened the force of the blow and the impact simply knocked Stoney to his hands and knees, where he stared at the floor, suddenly unable to remember who he was.

They were on him at once, Bull's enormous hands encircling his wrists and forcing his arms up behind his back till he screamed through his sudden amnesia. His scattered senses began to return to him half a minute after the blow as his companions were forcing him down into one of the wooden chairs that surrounded the table. The room swam together in shapes that slowly began to make sense, and even the terrible pain in his head was instantly forgotten when he remembered what had been taking place the moment he heard, but didn't feel, the bottle crack against his skull.

Stoney now peered into the business end of his own pistol and he knew he was dead. "Look, Pito, I—"

Stoney wasn't sure what he intended to say, but it didn't matter since Pito cut him off by digging the gun's muzzle into the soft flesh beneath his jaw. "You shut the fuck up, sucker. I hear one shitty little peep outta you and they'll have to hose your brains down off the ceiling."

Pito turned to his partners. "What we gonna do with this motherfucker?"

Bull snorted. "What the hell. . . let's take the bastard out to the lake, blow him away, and dump him in."

Pito looked disgusted. "Look, jerk-off, we ain't even got a car here. What we gonna do—call a buddy to loan us a car to hit a cat in?

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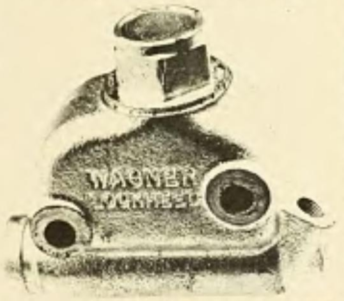

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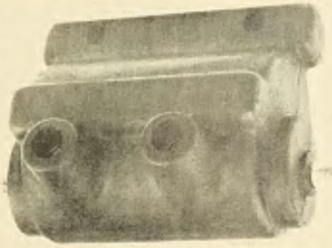

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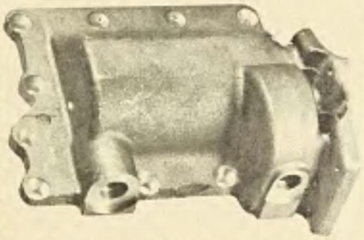

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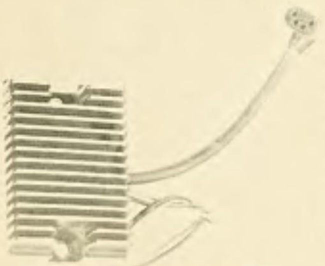

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Or should we call Avis?"

Bull looked confused as Pito continued, "And even if we did have a car we still got a murder weapon, and a bike, and maybe a disappearance to explain. Look, I got an idea."

Pito motioned to Ron, who had remained in stunned silence ever since Stoney had suddenly whipped out the magnum. "Go get the duct tape from the kitchen."

Ron returned in a moment and Stoney watched Pito through a dull pain. Pito gestured toward Stoney. "Tape him to the chair."

Stoney hurt too much and felt too weak to try what he knew would be pointless resistance. He watched them wind the grey tape around his forearms and the rear legs of the chair. Bull and Ron then dropped to their knees and quickly taped Stoney's legs, pants and all.

Pito laid the gun on the table and reached for the junkie rig. "So you like our crank that much, huh, Stone? Well, you're lucky—real lucky. 'Cause you came at the right time. We got all you want"—Pito grinned and his gold tooth flashed —"and lots more."

Stoney caught on to Pito's plan about the same time as Bull and Ron. He struggled weakly against the tape but was barely able to move. He watched Pito mix a cc of water with what looked like an entire spoon of meth.

Pito was still grinning as he drew the fluid into the syringe. "Yessir, Stoney ol' buddy, we're gonna give you a high-speed ride right into the next world. I'd make this hit even stronger for you but the shit gets real gummy and won't go through the hole in the spike." Pito was enjoying his own monologue. "Hey now, though, don't you worry a minute. If this one ain't enough for you, you just let me know—we can do this all night."

Pito was ready with the syringe. Its minute point gleamed in the bright room. "Stoney, a few minutes ago you explained what was happening to us. Now I'm gonna explain to you, so I can be absolutely sure you're not missin' anything."

As Pito spoke, Stoney's eyes were riveted on the almost invisible beveled gleam of the needle. "Stoney, this is gonna look like an O.D., because it *will* be an O.D. I don't know how much crank it takes to kill a guy, but I'm layin' odds we got it here. And we'll get a car and haul your dead ass back to

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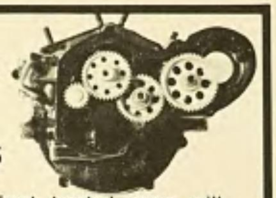

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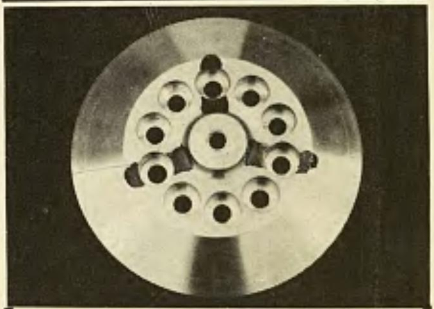

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your place before dawn and dump you in the bathroom so's it'll look like you hit your head when you fell after shootin' up. And we'll leave behind some works with your prints all over."

Pito leaned against the table and took a sip of warm beer. "And after you stink so bad somebody calls the cops, everybody'll just say, well, another biker scum bought it. And everybody'll say good riddance, and in a month nobody'll remember you were alive, ever. And while you're turnin' ripe next to your crapper, we'll all be shootin' crank and havin' our dicks sucked and laughin' about how bad ol' Stone blew his chance."

Pito squeezed the bulb of the syringe to make sure it wasn't clogged and then stepped forward. "One last thing, Stoney my man. Just in case you wondered. I'm gonna buy that Sportster when the cops eventually auction it off. And whenever I ride it I'll think of ol' Stoney."

Bull sat in Stoney's lap to prevent his turning the chair over and Stoney's weak struggles were barely perceptible. His unbelieving eyes watched the spike slide into the thick vein that stood up high from the pressure of the tape. Pito squeezed in the hit, occasionally letting off on the bulb, mixing blood and meth to assure himself that the point was still in the vein.

The flash hit Stoney's already throbbing skull with a rush that he couldn't believe. And it built from there. He felt that his brains were swelling inside his skull, and among the thousand images rushing through his mind was a picture of those brains spewing out his ears, nose, and mouth like foam from a can of shaving cream. His body twitched from the jolt to his nervous system and his ears were filling with a roar that seemed to drown out everything, getting louder each second.

He puked. He jabbered, rolled his eyes, choked with fear and insanity. Frothy spittle clung to his lips. As he swallowed and tried to keep from choking on his own vomit, he saw what Pito was doing and he screamed. Pito was mixing up another spoon. The syringe was full; they held him again, screaming. The hit flew through his blood and flooded his brain. The roar in his ears was deafening, louder than anything he'd ever heard. Like the pipes on God's own Harley. . . . ■

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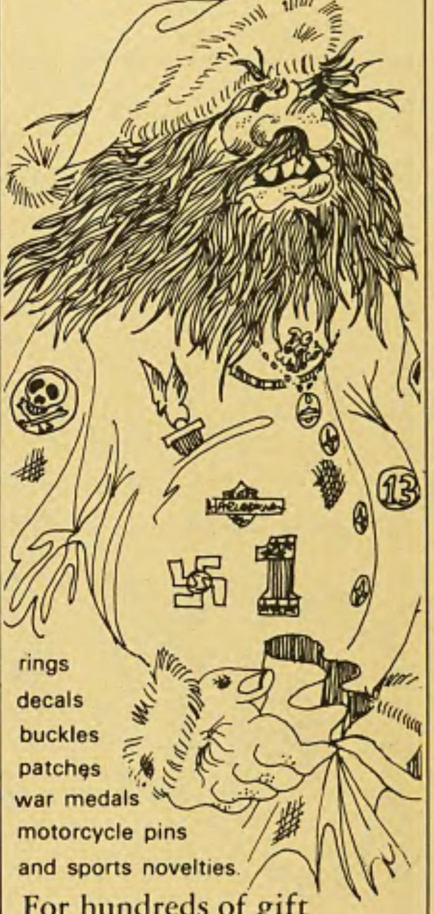

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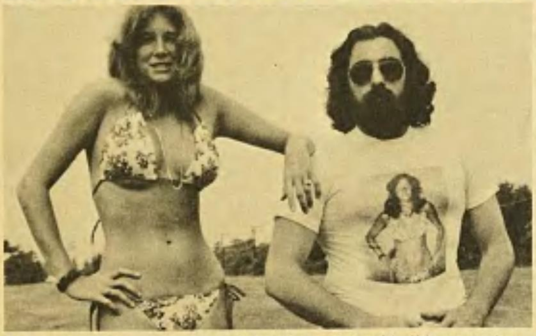

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Buzzard

—Continued from page 15

"This makes four times this month that you've gone partying without me," she said, pouting.

"Aw, baby," Buzzard mumbled, trying to soothe her. "It's just that I run into the guys and we get drinking, and then — well, you know."

"I *know*, all right," Linda said, turning. There were tears in her eyes. "You like them and that goddarn motorcycle better than me, that's what I know."

She set a cup on the table and filled it with steaming coffee. Buzzard lolled in the chair and sipped carefully.

"This is the last time, I'm telling you," Linda swore. "I love you, but if you go off and leave me alone one more night, I'm splitting."

Buzzard grabbed her as she passed the table and pulled her down onto his lap, slipping his hand under her blouse to fondle her full, firm breasts. Linda buried her face against his neck and sobbed, her breathing beginning to quicken as he caressed her. He stood quickly, picking her up and carrying her lightly into the bedroom, and the afternoon sun shone through the window before he was finished with his apology to her.

"My God," she gasped, sounding drunk from the exertion. "How can you go on so long like that?"

"I can only do it with you, darlin'," he whispered, caressing the tanned sleekness of her body. "I only love you and my bike, and there ain't nobody else in this world like you."

Linda sighed. "If only you'd said no *bike* and no *brothers* instead of *nobody*."

"Aw, baby," was all he could answer. He was too weak for more.

"Someday," Linda went on, "you're going to stay out late, without me, and when you come home there won't be anybody or anything here for you to come home to and screw but your motorcycle."

He lay there for a long time, contemplating what she'd said, and when she returned from the bathroom and began dressing, Buzzard looked her squarely in the eyes and said, "Linda, would you like it if I took you and we moved to another town? If I did something really special for you, got a job and then on weekends we'd always be to-

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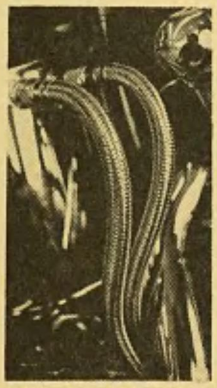

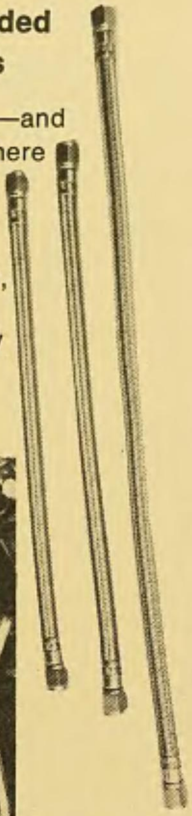

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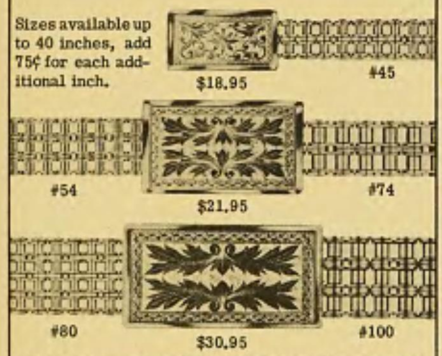

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gether? We could go on runs and just party. Together. And in between we'd just *be* together."

Linda flung herself onto him and they fell back onto the bed. She started crying.

"Oh, yes, yes. Oh, please. You know I don't ever want to leave you. I love you so."

"Okay, then," he promised. "This afternoon I'll go see a guy I know in Berdoo. I think I can get a job with him; then we'll move and start all over again."

Linda lay beside him on the bed, running her hand over him. She caressed his chest.

"Oh, God," she said. "That's a beautiful chest. I love to feel it. It's so beautiful and hard. Just like—"

"Whoa!" Buzzard laughed, jumping up and heading for the bathroom. "If you start that, I won't get out to see that guy in Berdoo."

The ride out took only half an hour, and within minutes Buzzard was assured of a job and a small house, adjacent to his friend's place of business. It was a perfect setup. He knew Linda would love it. Happily, he fired up the bike and headed for home, and as he roared along the freeway, another bike suddenly pulled up alongside. It was one of his brothers, Rusty.

"Where ya goin'?" Rusty shouted, and Buzzard told him what he had been up to and that he was headed home with the good news.

"You got plenty of time," Rusty shouted. "I'm goin' down to the Pike to see Jimbo, the tattoo artist. Ride along." It was still early, so Buzzard went along, saying, "What the hell!"

The tattoo parlor was crowded, as usual, so there was a wait until Jimbo could get to Rusty and patch up the shoulder tattoo that he had half scraped off in an altercation with the asphalt. They guzzled a few boilermakers, and a plan entered Buzzard's mind.

"Listen, Rusty," he said. "You always wanted to buy my bike. You still want it?"

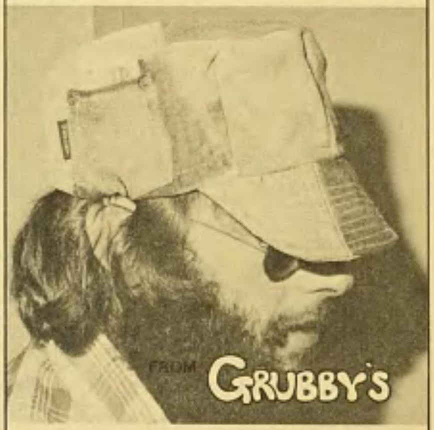
"You know I do," Rusty said, "and I've got enough bread on me right now to pay for it. I made a big sale today." He winked.

"Twelve hundred," Buzzard stated, flatly.

"It's a deal. I'll even give you a ride home. Jimbo will lock my bike up here when we leave."

"One more thing," Buzzard said. "I want to get a big tattoo, and right now. I want the biggest damn tat-

THREADS FOR HEADS



PATCHWORK DENIM TRUCKIN' HAT!

Sewn together with patches made from usable pieces of discarded blue jeans. Each hat individually handmade... no two ever alike!! Riveted stash pocket built right in, with heavy duty double stitching throughout. A really bitchin' piece of headgear that's rugged, comfortable, and washable (not that you'll want to wash it). Sizes S (22"), M (23"), L (24"), & XL (25"). (Measure your head W/string or tape to insure correct size.) Only $8.95 plus 75¢ postage & handling.

GRUBBY'S

P.O.Box 4186 Huntsville, Alabama 35802

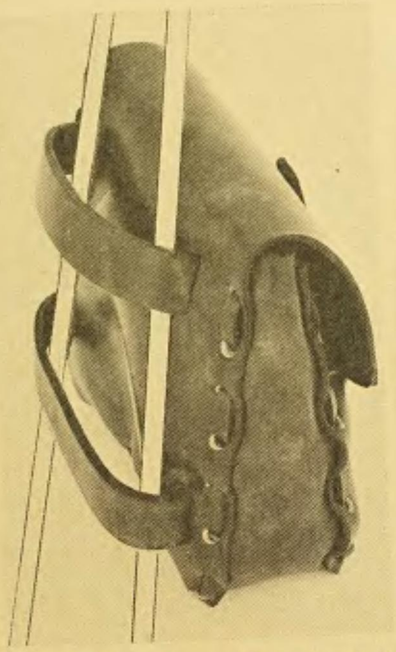
BEAVER HUNTERS BEWARE!

The beaver is a savage beast, and you've got to come on hard to bag the piece you want. Why take a chance? Load your gun with STUD, the fantastic herbal substance formulated to keep you ready, willing and able to take on the wildest beaver around! STUD — a rock-solid blend of exotic herbs like Damiana, Kola Nut, and Sarsaparilla Root — all there to help you in the face of stiff competition. Try STUD and feel the difference for yourself. 60 capsules $8.95/180 capsules $19.95.

WILMONT PRODUCTS, Dept. DD1
8831 Sunset Bl., Suite 300, L.A., CA 90069

S T U D

Stud won't let you down...
We've been satisfying customers for over three years!



Adjustable, to fit tight over a sissy bar alone, or can easily be expanded to fit over sissy bar and seat.

At Last a Hip-lookin' Bike Bag That Works!

It's the kind of idea that makes you ask, why didn't I think of that? The adjustments are made inside of bag, so that when you adjust bag to fit your bike, it looks custom-made for it—it fits that perfectly.

Made of high quality leather. Surface has design tooled on it, for an added touch of class. Ideal for carrying your chain, a jug of Boone's Farms, or a douche bag—you name it. **$19.95**

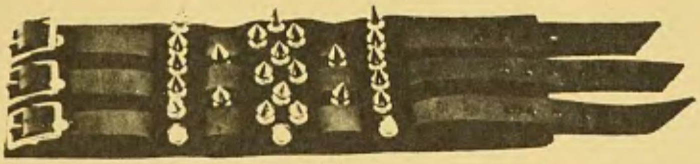
Plus $1.00 for postage

Vista Chopper Products Box 3536, Glendale. Calif. 91201

HERE IT IS! OUR FAMOUS "Don't fuck with me" WRISTBAND

$14.50 postage included

COD REQUIES $5.00 DEPOSIT



THIS 3 INCH WIDE BAND IS HAND-CRAFTED OF BLACK TOP - GRAIN LEATHER AND HAS 26 CHROME PLATED OVER BRASS SPIKES AND IS MADE TO BE ADJUSTABLE

TO BE WORN FOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES ONLY

You've seen them at our shop in Daytona Beach for the past 9 years on bikers from Coast to Coast

THE SANDAL SHEAF
811 Main St., P. O. Box 3337
Daytona Beach, Fla. 32018

PLEASE ALLOW 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY

too I can get right here." He pointed at his chest. "With lots of flowers and stuff."

They dickered with Jimbo over the price of the tattoo and the exact design. From armpit to armpit, neck to navel, and, in spite of the pain, Buzzard wanted the entire job done in one sitting.

"Ah'll do it," Jimbo said in his southern drawl, "but y'all gonna be mighty sore for a while. Better booze up."

Jimbo commenced his work on Buzzard's chest, and while at first the pain was bearable, Buzzard soon began to voice groans and grunts as the needle passed again and again over spots made tender by previous passes. The doors of the shop closed at eleven o'clock, but as a special favor, Jimbo stayed on and worked until the masterpiece was finished. It was two o'clock in the morning.

"Oh, Jesus," Buzzard groaned. "You've gotta get me home. I promised Linda I wouldn't stay out late again, and she'll think I just been out partyin'."

Buzzard packed home behind Rusty, not putting on his shirt, letting the cool night wind ease the pain that burned on his chest. He sighed with relief as they pulled into the driveway and he saw that the doors and windows of his pad were open, lights shining brightly. He hurriedly dismounted and went through the front door as Rusty rode away.

"Linda," he called. "Linda, baby. I'm home. I've got a surprise for you." He called her name several times, going from room to room before he saw the note on the table. The note read: *Dear Buzzard, You've lied to me for the last time and you've screwed me for the last time. An old friend came by tonight, while I was crying for you, and I left with him. You'll never see me again. You can sleep with your bike and your brothers since you seem to love them so much. I hope your joint carbons up.*

The note was not even signed, but no signature was needed to emphasize its finality.

Buzzard stood and read it dumbly several times before he staggered into the bedroom and verified the fact that she was truly gone, clothes and all, and as he stood there in a daze, he saw his reflection in the mirror, complete with its great tattoo of flowers and scrolls surrounding the name *Linda* that stretched across its center. ■

Dealer's Choice

—Continued from page 13

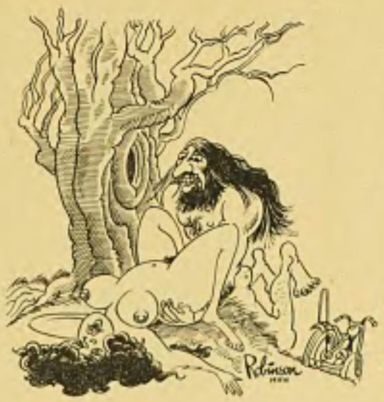
livin', he thought, his grin dissolving into an expressionless mask as several cars approached him from the opposite direction. After they passed, the grin reappeared. By sticking to all the quieter back roads and puttin' at lower speeds, he had avoided trouble; the few times the heat had passed him, their only reaction had been a disgusted glance or two but no hassling. He sighed contentedly, hunching lower as the rain that had been threatening to fall all afternoon suddenly began pelting down.

Within seconds the narrow, two-lane road was glistening wet beneath the steady downpour. Gotta get my ass outa this mess, he decided, squinting against the slanting rain for signs of shelter but seeing none. It was back country. He hadn't seen a motel or cafe in hours.

"Shit!" he muttered. "Probably won't find even a fuckin' gas station fer twenty miles yet!"

Then he was coming down from the foothills into a heavily wooded sector through which the road twisted continuously, the land falling away steeply on both sides of the gleaming pavement. Turning and throttling down as he entered a tighter curve, he was into the splotchy patches of oil before he realized it—and all control of the rat bike was gone, the machine skidding wildly and flopping over.

There was no time to minimize or correct the erratic action. There was only the stunning impact against the ancient, wooden guard rail, which splintered instantly—and he was hurtling into empty space. Plunging downward through the



Easyriders

"I thought we were going to stop for a bite to eat!"

Dirty Christmas Cards

Outrageous Cards to be given only to your closest friends!

We wanted to come up with some Christmas cards that guys wouldn't mind giving out—sending to their people in the joint, or sending to someone just to blow their minds.

To be different we decided to create some really rank cards—something heavy—strictly for guys. So gross that even some guys would groan when they saw them.

To get in a creative mood we decided to hold a juice-and-smoke session, after hours, with all of the strange ones in the office attending. As the session got loose, the card ideas got dirtier. It wasn't long until the chicks left. Finally, when Weird Harold came up with a particularly gross idea, complete with rough sketch, even Miraculous Mutha decided she had to go take a leak. She didn't return.

What we came up with is six different cards. They're so rank we can't show them in this ad—but believe us, don't order them unless you want some really sick, mind-blowing Christmas cards. They're not for the squeamish. **Remember, you've been warned.**

$5.00 per set Two sets $8.00

Price includes postage and handling costs.

Christmas Cards
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

Set (A) is the same set of filthy cards as last year.
Set (B) is entirely new and even more gross.

Please send me______sets of Set A (six different cards and envelopes per set).

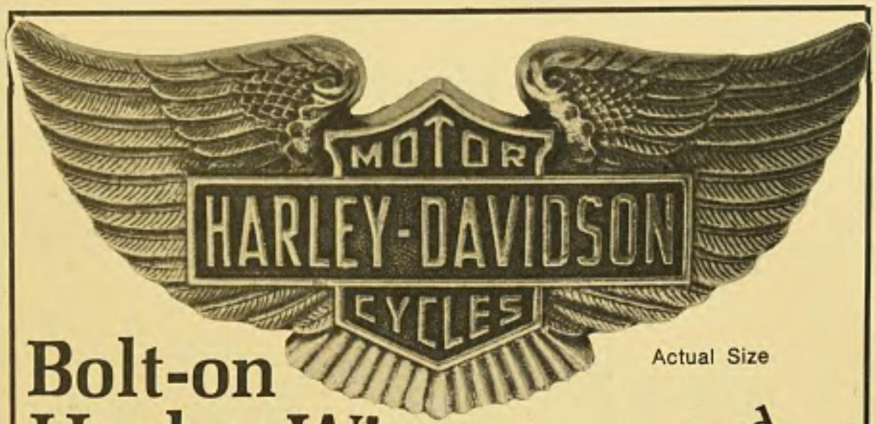
Please send me______sets of Set B (six different cards and envelopes per set).

I realize that they are outrageous. I also state that my age is______. (You must be 18 years of age to order these cards.)

NAME______

ADDRESS______

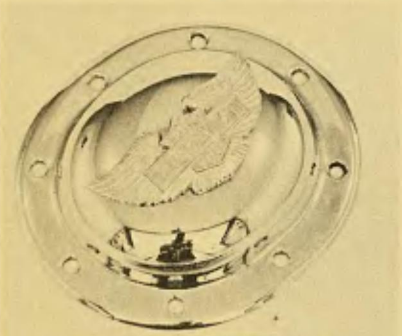
CITY______ STATE______ ZIP______

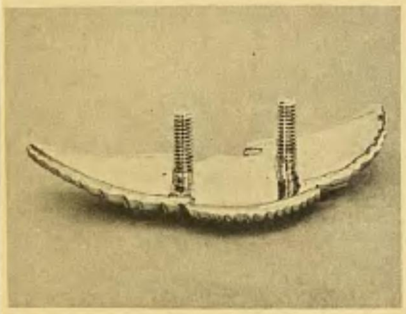


Bolt-on Harley Wings

Actual Size

Plan ahead for Xmas!





Now you can bolt these huge Harley Wings to your derby cover, sissy bar, or wherever you want—for we have designed expensive dies to include two ¼-inch bolts as an integral part of the wings—one solid unit—not soldered on.

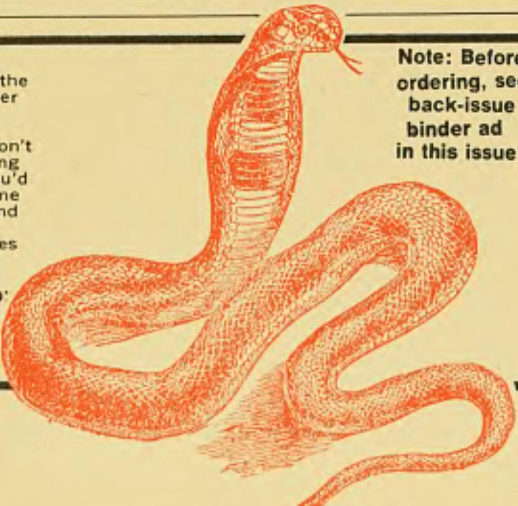
They're solid metal, weigh almost a half pound. They're individually made and are either triple chrómed or bronzed plated for a lifetime of rugged use.

Each unit is of the same fine quality as all other Righteous Products—same high quality materials, workmanship, and intricate detail.

When ordering, be sure to specify that you want the *bolt-on* Harley Wings, and whether you want chrome or bronze finish. $10.00 each (we pay postage).

Satisfaction guaranteed or full refund of your money.

Righteous Products
Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740



Now another issue has bitten the dust. In addition to issues number 1,2,3,5,6,7,8,9,11,12,13,14,15 16, and 26, we are now sold out of issue number 10. If you don't want to miss out on the remaining issues that are still available, you'd better get your ass in gear. Some dudes are already advertising and offering their left nut for the immortal, leg-wetting early issues

Send $1.00 for each copy (we pay postage) to:

BACK ISSUES
Box 711, Burbank, Calif. 91502

Note: Before ordering, see back-issue binder ad in this issue!

tops of willow trees, their limbs and branches snapping under his weight, his face lashed by a hundred leafy whips, he fell clear of the punishing trees, dropping into a shallow creek. As his numbed body splashed into the foot-deep water and thudded against the submerged rocks, he vaguely heard the sled's mill coughing and stuttering somewhere. Dazed, he sprawled helplessly.

Consciousness ebbed swiftly, and the last thing his battered senses reported was the icy flow of water around his upturned face. Then, nothing.

* * *

Suanna stood beside the bed, gazing down at the hefty, bearded man lying there with his head swathed in amateurish bandages. It had taken all three of them—Uncle Hal's powerful arms under the sagging torso with Zuki and herself each clutching a heavy leg—to carry the biker from the creek through a hundred yards of rough ground and thickets to the house where they eased him down onto her bed. He moaned during the trip but hadn't opened his eyes or seemed aware of what was going on. Now his face had swollen considerably, particularly around the badly bruised eyes and split lips.

From the next room drifted the harsh grunting of Uncle Hal and the soft whimpering of Zuki over the steady creaking of bedsprings. Suanna glanced at the doorway, frowning. He never gets enough, she thought angrily. Even with two of us to submit to the old bastard's lust, he never gets enough. It'll be my turn again tonight. She sighed deeply at the prospect of those greedy hands and the avid mouth roaming over her flesh until the old fool's hungers were exhausted for a while. A sound from the bed before her brought her attention back to the man under the sheet.

His left eye was partially open, staring up at her. The swollen mouth moved. "Wh-what's happenin', hon?" he said hoarsely. "Wh-where the h-hell am I?"

"You're okay," she assured him. "None of your bones seem to be broken, but you sure took a beatin' comin' down through the trees! Mostly your face and over your chest, judgin' from all the bruises and cuts." She smiled uncertainly at him.

The eye closed again. "Goddam!

That was one fuckin', all-out dumpin' from the way I feel. Haven't high-sided like that in years!"

Zuki yelped shrilly from the next room.

The eye trembled open. "What the hell was that? Wh-what's goin' down, baby?" he demanded thickly.

"Just my little sister gittin' screwed as usual!"

"As . . . as usual?"

Her chin lifted defensively. "Sure, dude. It happens all the time around here. We got this horny ol' bastard uncle, see? And the ol' fart makes us take turns with him. Been happenin' ever since we growed big enough to . . ." Her embittered voice trailed off into silence.

"Well, shit. Now ain't *that* a cozy setup!" The eye leered up at her. "Hey, that's *all right!*"

"Don't get no ideas," she warned. "He's strong and mean, and he don't share nuthin' with other men!"

"Wotta goddam shame. Even slightly outa focus I can see you're a tasty-lookin' chick. Well, all my fuckin' luck is bad this trip." He raised a huge, discolored hand to his head, touching it gently and wincing. "Keee-rist! That tingles!"

The creaking and groaning subsided in the other room. Hurried footsteps down the hallway. Somewhere a toilet flushed hollowly.

"You'll be okay in a few days,"

Easyriders

"Shit! First you bust me when I don't wear a helmet, then you bust me when I do!"

CHOP SHIRTS

Chopshirt, the quality shirt designed exclusively for chopper freaks.

Righteous drawings by Robinson, of the Harley Wings, and the Panhead, Knucklehead, Shovelhead, Sportster, Triumph, and Honda 4 engines!

Completely washable, durable, and 100% colorfast. All **Chopshirts** are top-quality American-made shirts. Chopper drawings printed in masculine black on a virgin white (what else?) shirt.

If you want a bitchin' shirt, and are proud of the type of bike you ride, and don't want to wear the usual hokey mickey mouse shirts that you usually see—get yourself some **Chopshirts** and show the same amount of class that your bike does.

Send your order today to: **ChopShirt**, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

___ HARLEY WINGS ___ HONDA ___ MIRACULOUS MUTHA
___ KNUCKLEHEAD ___ TRIUMPH ___ KEEP ON TOKIN'
___ PANHEAD ___ SHOVELHEAD ___ EASYRIDERS
___ SPORTSTER ___ SKULL

Please send me___shirts. I have enclosed $4.45 for each shirt ordered. ($3.95 plus 50c for postage & handling.) Be sure to state size: sm., med., lge., ex. lge.

NAME________________

ADDRESS________________

CITY________________

STATE________________ ZIP________

California residents add 6% for The Man

Suanna told him. "Then, maybe, you'll wish you'd killed yourself in that fall." She smiled grimly.

A question flickered in the eye. "That kinda bullshit ain't makin' me feel better, baby."

"Fergit I said it."

"Naw, I wanna hear *all* the bad news."

"Uncle Hal has plans for you, dude."

"Plans?"

"You better believe it!" She went to the doorway, looking back at him. "I can make ya some soup if ya wanna eat sumpin'."

"No way," murmured the puffy mouth. "I think I just lost my entire fuckin' appetite!"

"Okay, try and sleep," she advised.

"Hold it a minute. Wh-where's my scoot?"

"What's a scoot?"

"M-my bike."

"Oh, that. Uncle Hal put it in the shed like he always does. But don't sweat it, dude. He always sells them machines. Count on that!"

"What's this *always* shit?" he asked.

She shrugged. "It's happened before. You don't think that oiled place in the road was accidental, do ya? He's a shrewd ol' sonuvabitch, believe me!"

"It figures," groaned the victim.

* * *

A month later Dealer was back to normal and had the whole scene together in his head. He was, also, in the worst corner he had ever known: living with the daily possibility of being blown away unless his captor got enough slave labor out of him to find him useful for the next day's grueling stint in the suffocating hole he called a gold mine.

With wrists confined by the old-fashioned set of handcuffs the old man had locked onto him, he spent long days in the mine—hacking and gouging rocks and ore loose, shoveling it into a small ore car and pushing the loaded car along its tracks until he emerged from the stale air of the mine into the open. Rest periods were brief and few. The old man stood guard over him, the magnum revolver jammed into his waistband. Nights, he herded Dealer back to the house where he chained the handcuffs to the iron bedstead. Meals were at morning and night, and were whatever Suanna brought. If he had to go to the john, he used the slopjar provided, and he emptied it every morning under the old man's watchful eye.

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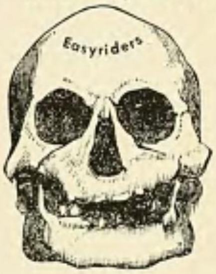
Send your $18.00 now to Sunday leather goods Ltd. P. O. Box 111 Dept. R, River Forest, Illinois 60305

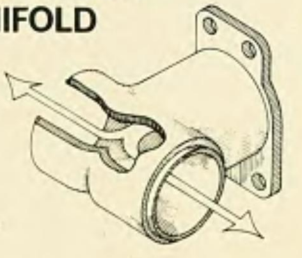
"As always Sunday leather goods are guaranteed to meet your absolute satisfaction, or your money back"
owner.
---Dealer Inquiries Invited---

From now on you can find this rag on sale the last Tuesday of every month!



—Whatta bummer!

SUPER FLOW MANIFOLD



Fits pan or knuck with rubberband heads . . . available for Linkert, Tillotson, Bendix, S&S or Mikuni. Specify carb.
$19.95 Calif. residents add $1.20 sales tax.
WHOLE HOG CYCLES
320 Coral St., Santa Cruz, Calif. 95060 408-425-1707

The hardest part was hovering between sleep and wakefulness, hearing the old man play with whichever girl had been chosen—lying there, rigid and aching as the tormenting sounds of the old man's pleasure and the girl's frantic reactions to all the sensual things being done to her finally ended in shrieks of orgasm, gruntings of satisfaction.

Often, he was disturbed in the middle of the night, by cries and noises: the old man's raspy voice ordering special acts, the girl protesting or wailing as she was punished for resisting. And each time Dealer became more aware of how frustrated and sexually deprived he was slowly getting.

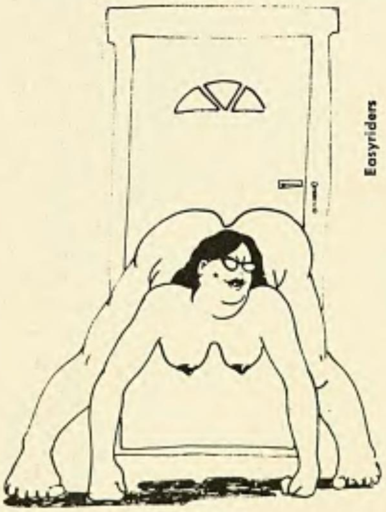
One night he was awakened by their voices and, listening, he realized danger had suddenly turned into certain death and time to plan an escape was reduced to the immediate present. Straining his ears, barely breathing, he followed the conversation in the nearby room.

"But he's workin' real hard," said Suanna in a tight voice. "Harder than any of those other dudes did. And he never gives you any trouble."

"Not yet," rasped the old man. "But he will, one of these days. They always do after they're over the effects of the accident, and have got used to the work. You startin' to find that young punk kinda attractive, are ya?"

"No, of course not," murmured Suanna.

"Yeah? I've seen you and Zuki both eyin' him like you'd give a lot to be able to spread your legs for him!" The raspy voice was tense



"Come in."

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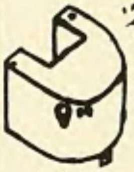

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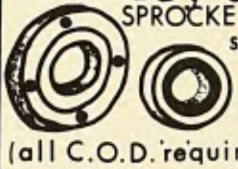

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$14.95 early
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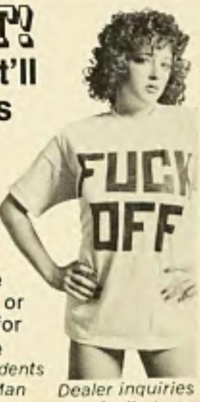
SAY IT!
A T-shirt that'll blow minds



These heavy T-shirts are designed in two styles, white on black or black on white. Penney's high quality T-shirt. Specify color and size (small, medium, large or extra large). They go for $4.95 plus 75¢ postage and handling. *Calif. residents add 6% for The Man*

Dealer inquiries invited.

F-Shirts, *P.O. Box 367 Oakview, CA. 93022*

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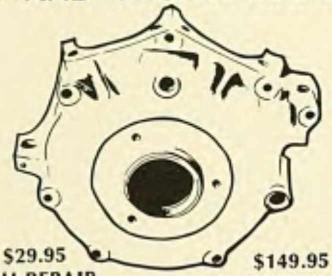

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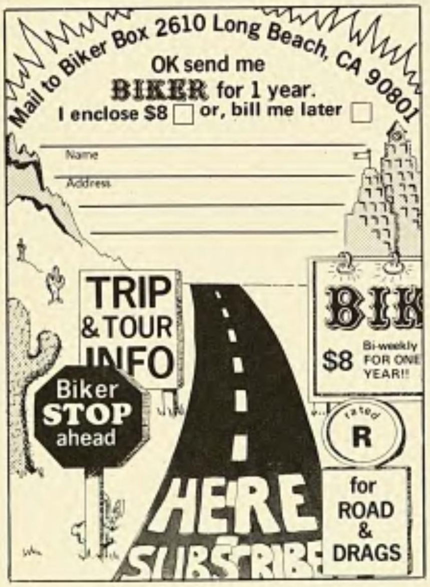
Having a Hard Time Finding Easyriders?

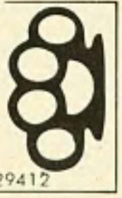
If you go to any newsstand that has sold out (which, as you know, is usually the case), or they don't handle it, ask the man to order more if he's sold out, and educate him to **Easyriders'** popularity if he doesn't know what the hell you're talking about.

If enough people request a certain magazine, the dealer will usually start selling it. But with 16 zillion rags on he newsstand, he needs another one like he needs another tit, so he won't pick up the phone and order it without being reasonably certain it is really wanted.

Easyriders is distributed throughout the English-speaking world by one of the largest distributors in the business, Dell Distributing Company of New York — which means **any** newsstand, **anywhere**, can sell the magazine.



"KNUCKS"



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with hostility and suspicion. "Naw, it's time to catch me a new miner, honey! Does it bother ya to think of his nice young, strong body rotting in that quicksand hole down the creek?"

So that's what the old shithead did with all the goddam bodies, thought Dealer, shivering as fear chilled his mind. Well, maybe I'll luck out where those other poor muthafuckers didn't.

"Sure, it gives me a bad feelin' every time you kill somebody," admitted Suanna in a low tone.

"Well, then, we'll jes' have us some more fun, purty little gal, and you don't hafta think about all that!" The old voice quavered with lust, and after a short moment of threshing sounds, thick breathing and guttural laughter, the distant bed began its familiar creaking.

Dealer exhaled slowly, all possibility of sleep gone now. Tomorrow he promised himself. Tomorrow I make my try, no matter what. Maybe I'll fuck up but that'll be better'n just waitin' for the goddam dipshit to waste me. Yeah, if that's the only choice I got, then I'll gamble a try, anyway.

Accompanied by muted gaspings and gruntings, the unseen bed creaked steadily in the darkness.

* * *

Rhythmically swinging the pick and watching its rusted tooth eat into the crumbling ore, Dealer knew the moment had come. Behind him, lazily slouched against the opposite wall some twelve feet distant, the old man stood guard as usual. Dealer knew it without risking a glance.

If I work any longer, I'll lose the edge of freshness, he reasoned desperately. The longer I swing this fuckin' thing, the more tired I get. Make it now, or make it never, I guess. He lifted the pick, bringing it halfway up and hefting it lightly in both hands at gut level.

"Jes' hang in there," ordered the old man evenly.

"Right," agreed Dealer—swiftly whirling and hurling the pick at the old man. Startled, he was slow in grabbing for the revolver, slow in getting it aimed. Dealer threw himself at the cringing figure, hearing the gun explode and feeling the searing heat of the shot scorch his hip as he tackled the old man, and instantly hearing the eerie, deadly sound of a ricocheting bullet viciously rebounding with a sharp

whine from a rocky section of the wall.

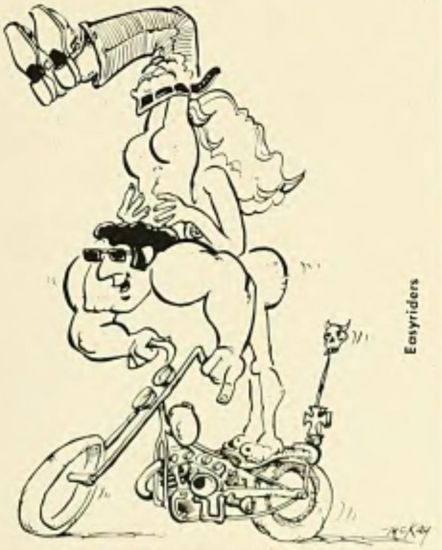
The old man screamed thinly and collapsed atop Dealer, who snapped his body over, scrabbling to get the gun from the already lifeless hand still clutching it while the death spasms rippled through the old man's muscular frame.

Only then—with the big revolver safely in his own hand—did Dealer realize what the ricochet had accomplished. Only then did he see the blood surging down over the old man's contorted face from the gaping hole in the hairless skull.

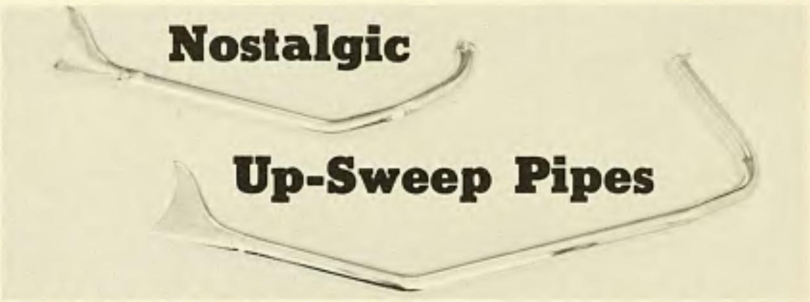
"Drizzlin' shits!" he yelped. "The horny ol' toad wasted himself!" Feeling relief and exaltation flooding through him, despite his powder-burned hip, Dealer stood several moments just staring down at the dead man.

Then he carefully replaced the gun in the stiff, unyielding fingers after wiping off his own prints and holding the weapon with his shirt-tail until it was securely repositioned. He squatted there a few moments longer, digging through the old man's pockets until he found the key ring. Standing, he freed his chafed, raw wrists from the handcuffs. Stuffing the handcuffs into a hip pocket, he left the mine and walked quietly to the shed.

After finding the right key, he let himself into the shed's dimness. A brief search and he found a locked strongbox. More key hunting and it was wide open—stuffed to the brim with cash. A rough, quick count made it more than seventy-three thousand, eleven grand of it



"I'd like to see Evel Knievel try this!"



Show class. Here's a set of heavy-duty, up-sweep fishtails. They are not only far-out-looking pipes, but they are one-piece with the mounting brackets already in place—no pipe clamps needed. They fit knuckles, pans or shovels and have effective, non-restrictive baffles available upon request.

The entire set, with or without baffles, run a decent **$79.95** plus shipping. Send 50% down.

Dealer inquiries invited *California residents add 6% for The Man*

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If you are, then you must let us know at least six weeks **before** changing your address label and fill in your name **and new address.** Your filling out a change of address card at the post office will not help us, so if you want uninterrupted service, without missing a single copy, send us the info.

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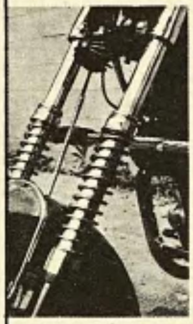

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Far-Out Decals

Decal freaks wake up! Here's a couple of Robinson designed decals that will make your leg wet—and at a low leg wettin' price too!

Both are in full color. One is Harley wings (5-¼" x 2-½"), and the other is a red skull, with white pills for eyes and a joint sticking out of its mouth. It is the exact tear-drop shape (2-¾" x 2") to fit on your Linkert carb cover.

50¢ each or 3 for $1.00

First National Nothing,
Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

A Tribute to Brothers Lost

In loving memory of my ol' man, **(Guinea) Robert C. Faragosa.** Terry.

To **Wheelman and Blackfoot.** "Why such heartless killing?" To **Pappy.** "Still fighting for his cause till the end." Three good men who are greatly missed. Rogue and Beep.

Young **Eileen Toomey** has gone where all good scooter people go. From her South Pasadena, Calif., friends.

In memory of **James T. (Sonny) Via, Jr.** You will be remembered in our hearts and minds forever. Peace and love from your many friends.

In memory of **Johnny Gearheart.** He rode hard and died fast. We still love him. C. Yohan, San Diego, Calif.

In remembrance of **"Buzzy"** of St. Marys, Pa., who left us July 9, 1976, in Florida for biker's heaven. From ol' Scat in behalf of the Vikings MC of W. Ohio and Pa. He will be sorely missed.

In remembrance of **Sandy,** one hell of a good chick. From Meathead's people.

In memory of **Grubby Dan.** From his ol' lady, Charlotte, N.C.

To **Wally Blake,** our brother who is not a memory but an ever-present part of our lives. Someday we will ride together again. July 5, 1975. Road Knights M/C, Holland, Mich.

In memory of **Hap,** who took his last ride June '75. We'll never forget ya, bro. Fifth Column M/C, Indiana.

In memory of **Storm Cloud,** 1%er. From his brother, Gopher, 1%er, Pagans M/C, East Coast, and all Pagans.

In memory of **Hessian Scottie,** 1943-1975. Memories linger on. Also to **Tom, Gypsy Johnny, Big John, Dago, BSA Randy,** et al. May we meet again in a world where death and violence are no more. Till then, Frisco.

In memory of **Little Joe,** a Heathen M/F bro from Venice, Calif. He won't be forgotten. From Brandy and Michele, Biker's Babes M/C.

In memory of **Sundowner Dave,** May 29, 1976. Sundowners M/C, SFV.

Here today, gone tomorrow. In remembrance of **Crazy Quinn,** 12/24/75. He rode hard and died fast just like he always wanted. His people will never forget him. Rick Freeman.

In memory of **Dave Haverland.** We had our son. He's beautiful. Missing you bunches. Rhea and Obi.

In memory of a really great ol' lady, **Mary.** I'll look long and hard to find another like you. Her ol' man, Dusty, Satans Sidewinders M/C, Lansing.

Male Call

The following names and addresses are of bikers who are in jail and would like to hear from interested—and interesting—dudes and chicks. We've had to condense the listings in order to get as many as we can in every issue. Be sure to use entire address given, exactly as given, to be certain your letter is received. **Bros:** We try to squeeze in as many requests as space permits. If your listing didn't make this issue, then send in another, for in order to keep the column up to date, we must throw out all requests that do not make the issue. We select the listings strictly on a first-come, first-serve basis.

Chicks, drop us jailbirds a line. Rocky Dehiere #102076112, Daniel Grudzien #102076113, Colorado State Reformatory, P.O. Box R., Buena Vista, Colorado 81211.

1%er outlaw needs inlaw. Garry Horneck, Box C, Waupun, Wisconsin 53963.

Girls 15 to 50, how about some scribes? Thomas Ruckert K28998 Don Kidd K2928, Box A, Bellefonte, Pennsylvania 16823.

We need the feelings only women can give. John Perpott #96939, Bob Nemeth #94670, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

S.F.V. tramps, down but not out, need scribes with good vibes. Ken (Dago) Paone B69686 6-61, Craig (Wild Man) Turner N39468 6-20, Box 608, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

I'm looking for a lonesome, intelligent chick to write to. Glenn Beard #5638, Box #28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

Everyone needs love. Master Don Ward #138224, Box 779, Marquette, Missouri 49855.

If you want to putt with me, you've got to get to know me first. Roger Henley #42554, C.H. #7. Canon City, Colorado 81212.

Southern California tramp needs a together mama. Ed "Mike" Michaels #28707, Box 900, Jefferson City, Missouri 65101.

Doing a twelve-year bit. Need scribes from some foxes, and that's no shit. Mell Muise, Box 00, W. Concord, Massachusetts 01742.

Bored stiff, if you know what I mean. Joe Cope, P.O. Box 376, St. Charles, Illinois 60174.

Come on, girls, it couldn't hurt. Write Timothy Ray Holman #623438, 3-27, P.O. Box 777, Monroe, Washington 98272.

St. George and Angel, Tampa, Fla., where the fuck are you? Contact Bobby Bowman #04706-156-AS, F.C.I., Tallahassee, Florida 32304.

Would like to hear from West Coast chicks. Paul Reeder #542-68-4081, Drawer "A", Fort Leavenworth, Kansas 66027.

My dick is hard, my balls are smokin'! I need a fuck and I ain't jokin'! Louis (Shadow) Morgan #245514, P.O. Box 900, Shelton, Washington 98584.

A downed bro of Satan's Sidewinders is looking for old brothers. Ex-vice-pres., Satan's Sidewinders, Lansing chapter. Dusty Walters, Box 492, Ionia, Michigan 48846.

Need to write a for-real chick. N.Y. area or thereabouts Neal Giraldi #16226, Box 307, Beacon, N.Y. 12508.

Affection would do me wonders. Write Donald Rudd #048340 HI-C-4-169, P.O. Box 340, Sharpes, Florida 32959.

Southern Stormtrooper in prison needs mail from level headed chicks. Jerry Pierce #031699, H-56, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083.

Remind me of how far-out it is to know a chick. Ed "Carlito" Vargas, Box 711-36574, Menard, Ill. 62259.

I'm lookin' for love. Dave Brooks #3458, P.O. Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

This gang of tramps need femails. Bill (Bandit) Echols B-71016, Keith (Duke) Golledge B64057, Frank Ciaccio B25481-A, Edward (Mac 1%er) McGee, P.O. Box 10, Crestline, Calif. 92325.

Pervert needs playmate. L. Racette #105161, P.O. Box 27264, Richmond, Virginia 23261.

Scrounge up a pen and write. Jack Martin, Vocation Dept., Indiana State Prison, Michigan City, Indiana 46360.

Radical outlaw needs mail and visits from fine No. Cal. lady to seriously discuss parole plans with. Leo (the Lion) Harper #B59518, A-333, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Need a young lady to keep me warm through her letters. Hal "Lazy" Burdick, Box 65986, C.T.F. North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

The Dago Devil needs a little heaven. Charles F. Pratt #77109, K.C.I., 4344 Broad River Rd., Columbia, So. Carolina 29210.

Lifer needs a boost. LaVille Hannon, P.O. Box 2, Lansing, Kansas 66043.

Lonely is the word; need someone to correspond with. Earnest Fuller #036511, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Florida 32091, N-1-S-7.

Busted, slammed, forgotten, two San Diego bros need young, freaky chicks to write. Daniel Duffy B-73295, 3-33, Mark Hill B-73695, 3-64, P.O. Box 608, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Just one letter would be a rush. Robert Rhodus, 136-097, Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

Been down three years. That's enough. David "Kansas City" Leledon #38325-115, C-Unit, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

Sit in a closet for a while and you'll know where I'm at. Paul Rushlow #145787, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Michigan 49204.

Sadness breaks the heart. Help me mend mine. Dave Grubb #038011, T-3-N-5, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Florida 32091.

Could really get off on hearing from some chicks. Errol "Sundown" Flynn #24345, Box 7, Deer Lodge, Montana 59722.

I'm doing a life sentence in prison and sure could dig hearing from some chicks. Tony (Red) Davis, Box B 33806, Florence, Arizona 85232.

Lend a little time for a lonely bro. Jerry C. Wimberly #042802, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Florida 32091.

Wanted: All lonely, loose, crazy, horny ladies from 9 to 90 for a righteous thing. Crazy Harry L. (Preacher) Ball, 1600 West 24th Ward 12, Pueblo, Colo. 81003.

Need serious-minded ladies to help us along. Fred "The Hawk" Long 37409 C-309, Vernon R. Stone 37785 C-309, 2605 State Street, Salem, Ore. 97310.

Kansas City biker needs a line to ease the time. William Wood #026497-2T8, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083.

If you ain't doin' nothin' tonight, do something for me. Stanley Taylor B64878, P.O. Box 686, WA-223, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Jersey bro looking for good ol' lady to come home to. Love kids. Jimmy Hubbs #41726, P.O. Box 1, Yardville, New Jersey 08620.

Sweet thing, Swede needs someone to tell him sweet lies and swap pics. John Burton #39207, P.O. Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62259.

Brothers, write a downed scooter chick. Karen (Star) Haase, P.O. Box 1359, Ocala, Florida 32670.

Send love in an envelope. Benny Miller B20785 #4118, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

A man is not where he lives, but where he loves. Write Bertrum Rogers, P.O. Box B57138, C.T.F. North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Need a lady who will last. Robert Schreiber, B26937-N, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I keep thinking all the beer and the little honeys will be gone when I get out. Write Bob Bowman Jr., 04706-156-A-S, F.C.I., Tallahassee, Florida 32304.

I have been down so damn long my fantasies can no longer substitute for my needs. Billy Hawkins #102839, B.C.C. Rt. #2, Bland, Virginia 29315.

If you dolls dig jammin' and ballin', drop me a line. Steve "S" Cole C-50892, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62259.

Times are hard, but if I had a lady to write me they'd brighten. Koutlis Patrick, 51921 D2, 91 Fleury, Merogis, France.

I have no one writing to me, so write. Jack Richmond D-8269 B70939, P.O. Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Locked up with bike blues. Russell Mealey, D.C.C., Smyrna, Delaware 19977.

Jerry "Round" Hendricks #00835 285, Iron Horseman Cincinnati, very tired and lonesome, need female who cares. P.O. Box 33, Terre Haute, Indiana 47808.

Washington man needs some letters. Forgetting memories. Michael E. Wyatt, (Wildman), 537-58-9588, Drawer "A", Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas 66027.

Alaskan loner is lonely. Robert J. Sisson II 574-26-1513, Drawer "A", Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas 66027.

Send a letter immediately for honest rap. Coffin Jokers. Ray (Crazy) Williams #116731, Robert (Big Bear) Hill #125260, M.C.I. Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

his. The rest, earned interest, the way he figured it.

Plenty for a new sled and to set up shop far away from this scene, he decided, grinning wolfishly.

Without warning, the back door to the house opened. Suanna stood in the doorway, glaring toward the mine entrance. "You kin bury this one by yourself, Uncle Hal!" she shouted shrilly. "We ain't gonna help you!" The door slammed shut behind her.

Stepping out of the shed, Dealer went to the much dented, peeling pickup truck parked between the shed and the house, removing the ignition key and hiding the strongbox under the cab seat. Then he walked into the house.

Their mouths gaped as he entered the living room.

"Well, he tried," said Dealer, jerking the phone line from the wall. "But all he succeeded in doin' was blowin' himself away."

"H-he's dead?" whispered Suanna.

"From bullet hole to tippy-toe, baby!" He took her hand, leading her unresisting into the bedroom where he handcuffed her to the bedstead. She just stared at him with bewildered eyes.

"Just to know where ya are fer a while," he said, still grinning as he left the room. "Nothin' but goddam choices all of a fuckin' sudden!"

"Hi!" crooned Zuki simple-mindedly, smiling at him and wiggling happily.

"Did the old shithead keep anything to drink around this place, darlin'?" asked Dealer.

Ten minutes later, seated beside an affectionate if unbright little blonde, Dealer poured himself a third fat shot of tequila and luxuriously exhaled cigar smoke. Life was definitely improved. Now it was entirely a matter of a whole series of difficult choices—all of them excitingly fine ones.

"Suanna wants—" began Zuki.

"Later, baby," sighed Dealer, pushing her curvy warmth onto its back and settling cozily beside all those mouth-watering goodies his busy hand was finding as his fingers wandered here and there. "I'll get around to whatever she wants, later!"

"But, she—" giggled Zuki as the fingers reached their final target.

"You're first choice," mumbled Dealer.

"B-b-but—" moaned Zuki.

It was her last word for quite a while. ■

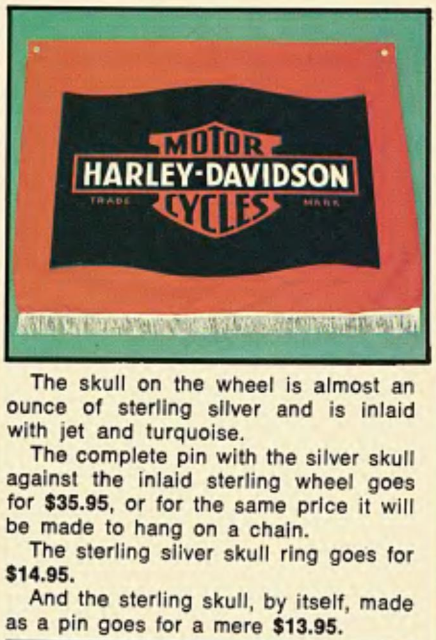
Marble Plaques

Here's an item that can't be entirely explained. It's too far out to describe. This fine product is something you have to hold and gaze at to appreciate the detail and the workmanship that goes into it. The simulated marble is almost a half-inch thick and is carefully engraved with every detail in the HD emblem. Then it is securely attached to a beautifully grained piece of wood. The plaque is available in black and white marble on a dark wood background, or brown and white marble with a light brown background.

The price for this everlasting marble image is **$24.95**. Because of its substantial weight, you'll be asked to pay postage C.O.D.

Also, if you are a member of a club or organization, we will put your group's insignia into the marble (minimum order of twenty). Send an excellent rendition of your emblem so every detail will show on the marble plaque.

The beautiful plaques are a solid 12 by 14 inches



H-D Banner

Give the ol' pad some character. This full-color, 100% nylon banner will brighten any run-down crash pad, bike shop or garage. Or they make fantastic curtains for a cage. It's a big 40" by 30" and trimmed with white nylon fringe for class.

The big, durable banner sells for only **$10.95** plus 75¢ postage and handling.

The skull on the wheel is almost an ounce of sterling silver and is inlaid with jet and turquoise.

The complete pin with the silver skull against the inlaid sterling wheel goes for **$35.95**, or for the same price it will be made to hang on a chain.

The sterling silver skull ring goes for **$14.95**.

And the sterling skull, by itself, made as a pin goes for a mere **$13.95**.

More and more, brothers are wearing leather instead of Levi cutoffs. So IRS has put together a fine roughed-out, heavy leather cutoff. The cutoff comes

black, or dark brown and in small, medium, large or extra large. Send your chest size and a measly **$38.95** for this everlasting vest. The vest will be shipped postage C.O.D.

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California residents add 6% for The Man

Choppershopper

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Send to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

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Custom chrome plating. Copper-nickel-chrome. 11 years experience. Specializing in motorcycle and auto steel and aluminum parts. Kilburn's Plating Co., P.O. Box 244, Adamsville, Tenn. 38310. 901-632-0481. (42)

Biker is the publication for bikers. All the news from the street every two weeks. Subscribe for one year (25 issues) for only $8.00. Biker, 2499 Cerritos Avenue, Long Beach, Calif. 90806. (47)

Barn full of motorcycle parts. Cook, General Delivery, Davidsonville, Md. 21035. (42)

Olkie, happy birthday! I love you. Your ol' lady, June. (42)

Motorcycle jackets made. Custom jobs. Studs, leather, or you name it. Send for info. Tony's Shoe Repair, P.O. Box 1267, Woodville, Miss. 39669. (42)

To Big J. I'll always love the guy whose hot head rests on his balls and not his shoulder. Love me any time! Patric'. (42)

Chosen Few MC, Calgary: Thanks for one fuck of a bash. J.B., Li'l Bit, Dusty, Ryders MC, Montana. (42)

Wanted: H-D 45 solo. Basket okay. Gary, 1732 87th Ave., Oakland, Calif. 94621. (42)

George, we miss you. Foxy. (42)

Notice: Easyriding loafers, bike chicks particularly. I need back issues of **Easyriders** magazine Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, and 14 in good shape for which I will pay $3.00 cash upon receipt and $5.00 cash if from a biker chick accompanied by buff-ti photo mailed to G. R. W. Poot, Box 269, Lake City, Minn. 55041. (42)

Professional photographers who are hip to the bike scene—**Easyriders** is always interested in purchasing professional photos of choppers, chopper type people, and chicks. Write on your letterhead for professional rates and requirements. Pete Chiodo, Photo Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

The finest biker paraphernalia. Earrings, skull items and much more. Catalog $1.00. M. C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Michigan 48910. (43)

Triumph '57 500 Army (CDN). Minor repairs. Will pay shipping. $1150. C. Clayton, Box 1188, Carleton Place, Ontario, Canada KOA1-JO. (42)

Bobby C.: What we had was great. Please come back. I'm lost without you. Susan P. (42)

If anyone knows where Greek is, please contact me. I still miss him. Barbara Kelley, P.O. Box 621, Longview, Wash. 98632. (42G)

21-year-old So. Dakota biker wants ol' lady for companionship and whatever. Must be a one-man woman. Hank Steffan, 809 N. French, Sioux Falls, S.D. 57103. (42)

Dave the Cane: Contact your wife. Write MW, c/o **Easyriders**, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (42)

Snoring Beauty: Always with me for the good times ('cause you are them) and stayin' through all the shit. My cast, emergency rooms, bein' fat, cryin' specials, bitchin'. Comfortin' me when I was hurt and when I'm scared. There when I need you (forever). Only one more, then we're free. Thanks just for bein' you. My life is yours. Yours forever, forever love, Stal. (42)

Are you man enough to wear "Linda Lovelace choked on mine"? S-M-L-XL. Red, blue, gray, white. $4.50 (includes postage). Check, cash, money order. Flash T-Shirts, 715 South St., Roslindale Sq., Boston, Mass. 02131. (42)

VL Problems? We have crankpins, batteries, pistons, primary chains, spark plugs, complete motors, etc. Can't hurt to ask! Write K&S Cycle, 229 E. Merrick Road, Valley Stream, N.Y. 11580. (42)

Dudes and chicks: Collecting info for swingers club. Interested? Send info & photo to Lee, P.O. Box 6233, Savannah, Ga. 31405. (42)

Steve: I'm fine. Are you still alive and out of jail? For old time's sake. Love, Grace. (42)

Become a minister. Marry or bury. Baptize or preach. For $9.00 (until Dec. 31, 1976) you receive credentials and a copy of a letter from the IRS saying it's legal. No personal checks. Howard Fincher, Box 1134, Florissant, Mo. 63031. (42)

Remember—The life you save may be your own don't Fuck with my bike . . . Amusing sticker, gets to the point. 50¢ each 3/$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. R-10, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (42)

Knucklehead motor wanted. Must be complete with legal title. Contact George Christie, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (44G)

In memory of String Bean. Gone but not forgotten. Your bros always, Bubblegum and Wormy. (42)

George, thank you! You are growing "special" to me too! Love ya, babe, Nanc. P.S. Let's hear it for "O.L." (42G)

Nature: I love and need ya. Write me. Always, Evil. (42G)

Harley-Davidson cycle model 1947—UL74 with sidecar. Good condition. All original. $3,500. Harold W. Custer, Martinsburg, W.Va. 25401. (304) 267-7608. (42)

Say it with a shirt! "Fuck The Helmet Laws!" S-M-L-XL, red, blue, gray, white. $4.50 (includes postage). Check, cash, money order. Flash T-Shirts, 715 South St., Roslindale Square, Boston, Mass. 02131. (42)

Spider will buy (cheap) any old Harley advertisements, Harley books, manuals, magazines, photos, goodies—anything old. He'll share them with the readers of **Easyriders**. Write him at Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Be sure to state price or what you want in exchange for goodies you have.

Young Indian girl is short on cash. No donations asked! Purchase nude photos, $1.00 each. Thanks, guys. Mary Chambers, P.O. Box 1581, Rock Island, Ill. 61201. (42)

Chimp, Donna really loves you! Snuffs. (42)

Sambo, I love you. Hurry home! Carol. (42)

Wanted. New pushrod for 1946 45 transmission 3-wheeler. Joseph Benevides, 25 St. Francis Ave., Kingston, Mass. 02364. (42)

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45 Owners! Technical information. Send $2.00 money order for each subject: Mikuni conversion, 811cc cylinders, big valves and porting, cams for top end, 80 ULH ideas. List of parts and services available $1.00 from K&S Cycle, 229 E. Merrick Road, Valley Stream, N.Y. 11580. (42)

Gay and bisexual bikers, contact Jim in Arizona, c/o **Easyriders**, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. Phone (602) 986-4175. (42)

Brothers, thanks for being there 5/12/75. Yellow BMW. (42)

Lynn, sure would like to see you. The D.Y.S. closed your case. If you can't make it, at least write. We love you. Flame & Moses. Write to 1625 N.W. 3rd Ave., Gainesville, Florida 32608. (42)

Eileen, please write. I need to ask you a very important question. My address is: ASE-2 Jim Martin, Air Dept., V-6 div., U.S.S. Lexington, CVT-16, N.A.S. Pensacola, Fla. 32508. (42G)

Cal, call 234-6477, please. B.B. (42G)

Larry Lewis, if you're out there, drop a line to us, or even better, dump the helmet and head for Phoenix, Arizona. Howard & Lee Ann Warren, 2027 N. 66th Ave., Phoenix, Arizona 85035. (43G)

Custom shovelhead primary covers—cast aluminum inner and outer with inspection covers. Precisely machined to replace originals without modifications; look good, no extra bulk, no electric start. Available '66-'69 shovelhead, soon for '70 and later FX. $189 plus 6% Calif. sales tax. Whole Hog Cycles, 320 Coral, Santa Cruz, Calif. 95060. (408) 425-1707. (42)

1971 electric start Sportster. Show bike, 1st place in 12 shows. All chromed. 74 wheel on 5-spoke mag, 6-inch-extended tubes, molding, super-fantastic paint, highway bar, sissy bar, custom two-into-one exhaust pipes, custom seat, custom rear end. Invested over $10,000. Extra parts also. Priced at $3,150. Write Ronnie, 266 Meadowbrook Ct., West Haven, Conn. 06516. (42)

Professional writers—Read a couple of issues of **Easyriders** thoroughly and decide if you can (or barf, are willing to) write for **Easyriders**. We want fiction pieces, short stories, and short features of interest to hip men. Be sure and read magazine first; don't waste our time with material aimed at **Boys Life**. Fiction Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

Cheap ad rates—an ad on this page costs you only 20¢ per word if you're a private individual. Businesses have to pay only 40¢ a word. Damned cheap—especially when you consider that your ad will be read by people all over the world. Read top of first column for specific info.

Real story on putting pan barrels on your knuckle, what the others leave out, complete instructions and dimensions. Send $2.00 money order to K&S Cycle, 229 E. Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, New York 11580. (42)

Virile biker seeks adult one-man chick like "Dusty" (June '76 issue) who has her own bike. I have a big Harley and lots of bread to travel in style together. Contact Gypsy, c/o **Easyriders**, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (42)

"Bear": Us crazy Indians are wondering if you are alive or dead. Remember when you used to drink wine with Mr. P.A. Here is a phone number: (408) 385-3393. Helen Bracisco. (42G)

Wanted: **Easyriders** #1, 2, 3, and 5 through 19. Dave Lutes, P.O. Box 555, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, Canada B5A 4B4. (42)

For sale: Fully chopped knucklehead. Lots of chrome. Needs little work. Best offer over $1600. Mike Martin, 1034 S. Mann Ave., Tucson, Ariz. 85710. (602) 747-1679. (42)

Kelly, been thinking about ya since Stompin 76. Let's get together and do some puttin'. D.C. ain't that far a ride. Rick, Rt. 1, Box 337B, Clintwood, Va. 24828. (42)

Wanted: Foxy lady to share pad in Minneapolis, party, and putt on my Harley dresser. Must be together, slender built, and unattached. Write Michael, c/o **Easyriders**, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (42)

Bumperstickers: "I'm a doper not a roper," "Do it til you're dry." $1.00, 3/$2.00, 10/$6.00. M. Dunn, Dept. E, P.O. Box 414, College Station, Texas 77840. (42)

Nazi party pins $3.25. Armbands $3.25. Swastika earrings $3.50 each, $5.00 pair. Pirate's cross $3.75. Catalog $1.00. M. C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Michigan 48910. (46)

Would like to trade beer **cans** from around country. For details: Bob St. Pierre, 10 Waller Ave., Wolcott, Conn. 06716. (42)

Richard (S.F.): What's happening! M.G. (Tranquility) (42)

Warning—If you value your own life as much as I value this bike don't Fuck with it . . . Clever and amusing sticker, put it on your bike, gets the message across. 50¢ each 3/$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. ER-17, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (42)

Nava, I'll love you always and be yours forever. Teena. (42)

Gold and White 1%er Devil's Disciples, contact Frenchy. Very important you do so immediately. Write Frenchy, P.O. Box 935, Klamath Falls, Oregon 97601. (42)

1972 XLH. Perfect for road or show. 3,000 mi., softtail, epoxy paint, disc brakes front & rear, 10° rake, 15" over, many extra parts, all new, worth over $5,000. $2,700 or trade. Must sell. Jaffe's Mill, Factoryville, Pa. 18419. (717) 945-5565. (43)

Jerry, I love ya, need ya. Your Gypsy. (42)

Fuck Helmet Laws or Helmet Laws Suck—Pick from these two stickers to show your feeling for helmet laws. Stick them on your bike or helmet. 50¢ each 3/$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. HL-13, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (42)

Puff's Pot: Head gear, pipes, papers, other leisure products. Color catalog, $2.00. Mention **Easyriders** & receive free pack of papers. Puff's Pot, Box 4885, Fairview Park, Ohio 44126. (42)

Easyriders Playing Cards

TWO decks $4.95
We pay postage!

Here ya are—in blazing color, playing cards featuring some of the best yummies that have appeared in this rag.

Gonad bogglin', professional quality cards that will add a new dimension to your poker game. Cards you'll be proud of—as you fleece your bros.

They're not cheap-ass cards—they're the same high quality as professional playing cards.

Be first on your block to own these outstanding leg-wettin' cards. All you have to do is send $4.95 for **two** decks. We'll pay packaging and postage costs. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Send check or money order to:

Easyriders Cards, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

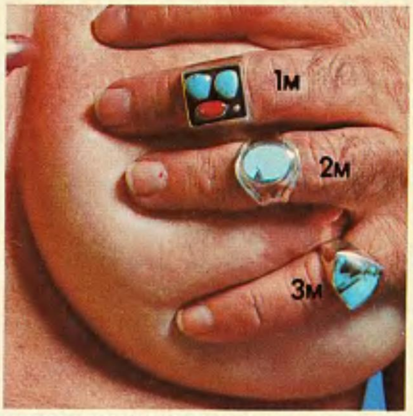
California residents add 6%

INDIAN TURQUOISE JEWELRY

Slapped together by our very own peyote-crazed Injuns in the back room. Each item is individually handmade. Turquoise is solid chunks—**not** bits and pieces glued together to **look** like solid pieces. Surrounding the solid chunks of liver-quiverin' turquoise is real silver (you won't believe how much ripped-off silverware we had to melt down in order to come up with this first-cabin jewelry). Warning: sit down before reading the prices, because they're so low you won't believe them. Money back guarantee.

To be certain that you get the correct-size ring, rip off this scale and wrap it around your finger; it will indicate the ring size you want.

14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 0



MEN'S RINGS
1M - 39.50
2M - 29.50
3M - 39.50

LADIES' RINGS & PENDANTS
1 - 12.95
2 - 29.50
3 - 15.50
4 - 24.50
5 - 15.50
6 - 24.50
7 - 15.50
8 - 24.50
9 - 24.50

plus 50¢ postage & handling

Send check or money order to:
Turquoise Jewelry, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

Please send me ring or necklace number(s)________
My ring size is:________

Name________

Address________

City________ State________ Zip________

6% sales tax for California residents

ADVERTISEMENT

If your luck ran out last X-mas maybe you didn't get your act together soon enough with your ol' lady, -tell her that your fed up to the teeth with ties and socks. Lay this Jammer section on her with this handy list filled out and you could be the happiest biker this side of Santa Land.

XMAS HINTS TO THE OL' LADY

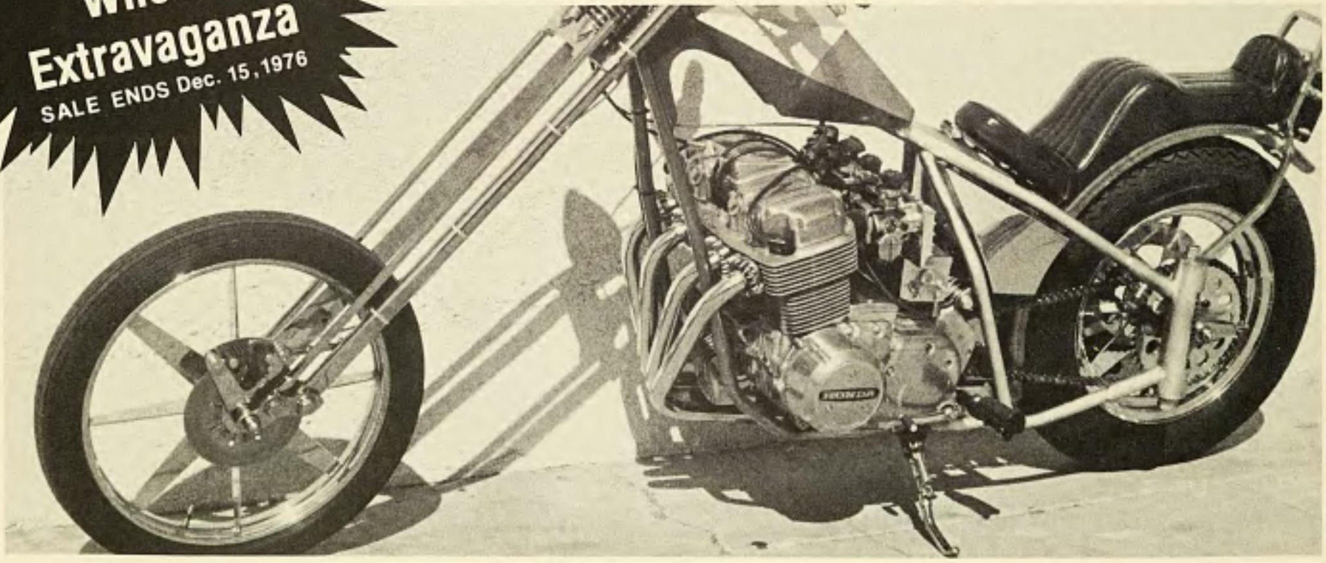
(If you mention a new seat we'll lay you odds it will be on your bike by Christmas afternoon).

Page	Description	Part #

You can now call toll free 4 PM - 7 PM 1-800-423-2633 to order a catalog & get the name of your nearest Jammer dealer.
(See ad on back cover)

Jammer's Xmas Wheel Extravaganza

SALE ENDS Dec. 15, 1976

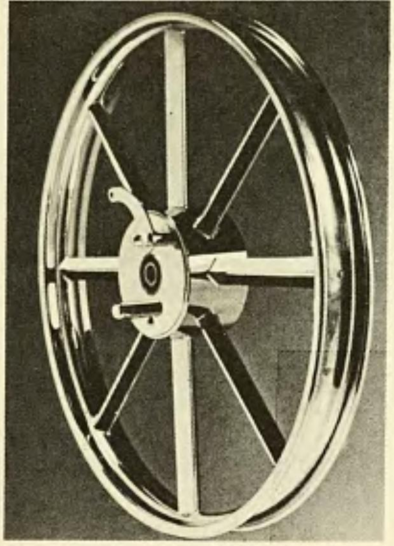


SATELITE UNIV. SPOKED WHEELS

			SALE
69019	18" Small Brake Satelite Front Wheel.	~~209.95~~	178.95
69020	19" Small Brake Satelite Front Wheel.	~~209.95~~	178.95
69021	21" Small Brake Satelite Front Wheel. Needs Mounting Kit No. 69010	~~209.95~~	178.95
69026	18" Spool Satelite Front Wheel	~~164.05~~	139.95
69027	19" Spool Satelite Front Wheel.	~~164.05~~	139.95
69028	21" Spool Satelite Front Wheel.	~~164.05~~	139.95
68026	18" Single Disc Brake Satelite Front Wheel.	~~313.60~~	266.95
68027	19" Single Disc Brake Satelite Front Wheel.	~~313.60~~	266.95
68028	21" Single Disc Brake Satelite Front Wheel.	~~313.60~~	266.95

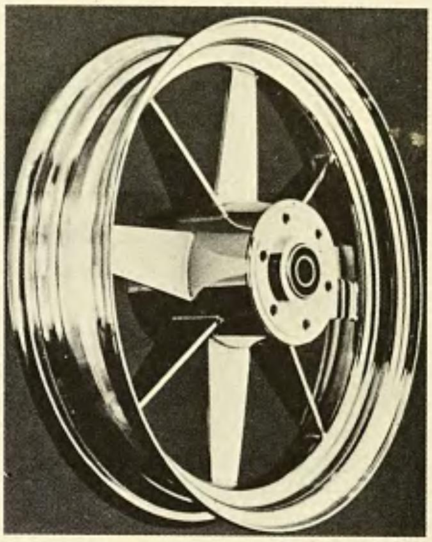
GALAXY UNIVERSAL SPOKED WHEELS

			SALE
69022	18" Small Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	~~209.95~~	178.95
69023	19" Small Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	~~209.95~~	178.95
69024	21" Small Brake Galaxy Front Wheel. Needs Mounting Kit No. 69010.	~~209.95~~	178.95
69029	18" Spool Galaxy Wheel.	~~164.05~~	139.95
69030	19" Spool Galaxy Wheel.	~~164.05~~	139.95
69031	21" Spool Galaxy Wheel.	~~164.05~~	139.95
68041	18" Single Disc Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	~~313.60~~	266.95
68042	19" Single Disc Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	~~313.60~~	266.95
68043	21" Single Disc Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	~~313.60~~	266.95



Hallcraft's WHEELS

SATELITE



GALAXY

HARLEY-DAVIDSON Bolt on FRONT WHEELS

		Regular	SALE
69034	18" Sportster/FX Satelite Front Bolt-On Wheel. '74-'76	~~187.05~~	158.95
69035	19" Sportster/FX Satelite Front Bolt-On Wheel. '74-'76	~~187.05~~	158.95
69036	21" Sportster/FX Satelite Front Bolt-On Wheel. '74-'76	~~187.05~~	158.95
69037	18" 74 (67 – 72) Satelite Front Bolt-On Wheel. FL MODELS	~~203.70~~	172.95
69038	19" 74 (67 – 72) Satelite Front Bolt-On Wheel. FL MODELS	~~203.70~~	172.95
69039	21" 74 (67 – 72) Satelite Front Bolt-On Wheel. FL Models	~~203.70~~	172.95
69040	18" 74 (49 – 66) Satelite Front Bolt-On Wheel.	~~211.00~~	179.95
69041	19" 74 (49 – 66) Satelite Front Bolt-On Wheel.	~~211.00~~	179.95
69042	21" 74 (49 – 66) Satelite Front Bolt-On Wheel.	~~211.00~~	179.95
69054	18" Sportster/FX Galaxy Front Bolt-on Wheel. '74-'76	~~187.05~~	158.95
69055	19" Sportster/FX Galaxy Front Bolt-on Wheel. '74-'76	~~187.05~~	158.95
69056	21" Sportster/FX Galaxy Front Bolt-on Wheel. '74-'76	~~187.05~~	158.95
69057	18" 74 (67 to 72) Galaxy Front Bolt-on Wheel. FL Models.	~~203.70~~	158.95
69058	19" 74 (67 – 72) Galaxy Front Bolt-On Wheel. FL MODELS	~~203.70~~	172.95
69059	21" 74 (67 – 72) Galaxy Front Bolt-On Wheel. FL MODELS	~~203.70~~	172.95
69060	18" 74 (49 – 66) Galaxy Front Bolt-On Wheel.	~~211.00~~	179.95
69061	19" 74 (49 – 66) Galaxy Front Bolt-On Wheel.	~~211.00~~	179.95
69062	21" 74 (49 – 66) Galaxy Front Bolt-On Wheel.	~~211.00~~	179.95

HARLEY-DAVIDSON REAR WHEELS

Part #	Description		
68040	16" 74 Satelite Rear Wheel. Needs Linkage Kit No. 68023.	~~384.75~~	326.95
68047	16" 74 Galaxy Rear Disc Brake Wheel. Needs Linkage Kit No. 68023.	~~384.75~~	326.95

Spacers For 74 RDB Wheels. Fit HD 74 rear disc brake wheels--either standard or satelite design.

68020	For Rigid Frame	15.80
68021	For Swingarm '58 to '66	15.80
68022	For Swingarm '67-'72	15.80
68044	For Swingarm '73-'76	15.80

68023 (HD 74) Linkage 29.95

		Regular	SALE
68051	16" 74 (73 and later) Satelite Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	~~203.70~~	172.95
68053	16" 74 '49-'66 Satelite Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	~~211.00~~	179.95
68054	16" 74 (67 – 72) Satelite Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	~~203.70~~	172.95
68045	16" Sportster Disc Brake Galaxy Rear Wheel. Needs Linkage Kit No. 68024.	~~399.95~~	339.95
68060	16" Sportster Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	~~202.35~~	171.95
68061	16" 74 (73 & later) Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	~~203.70~~	172.95
68063	16" 74 (49 – 66) Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	~~211.00~~	179.95
68064	16" 74 (67 – 72) Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	~~203.70~~	172.95
68038	16" Sportster Satelite Rear Wheel. Needs Linkage Kit No. 68024.	~~399.95~~	339.95
68050	16" Sportster Satelite Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	~~202.35~~	171.95

SATELITE—GALAXY WHEELS FOR HONDA

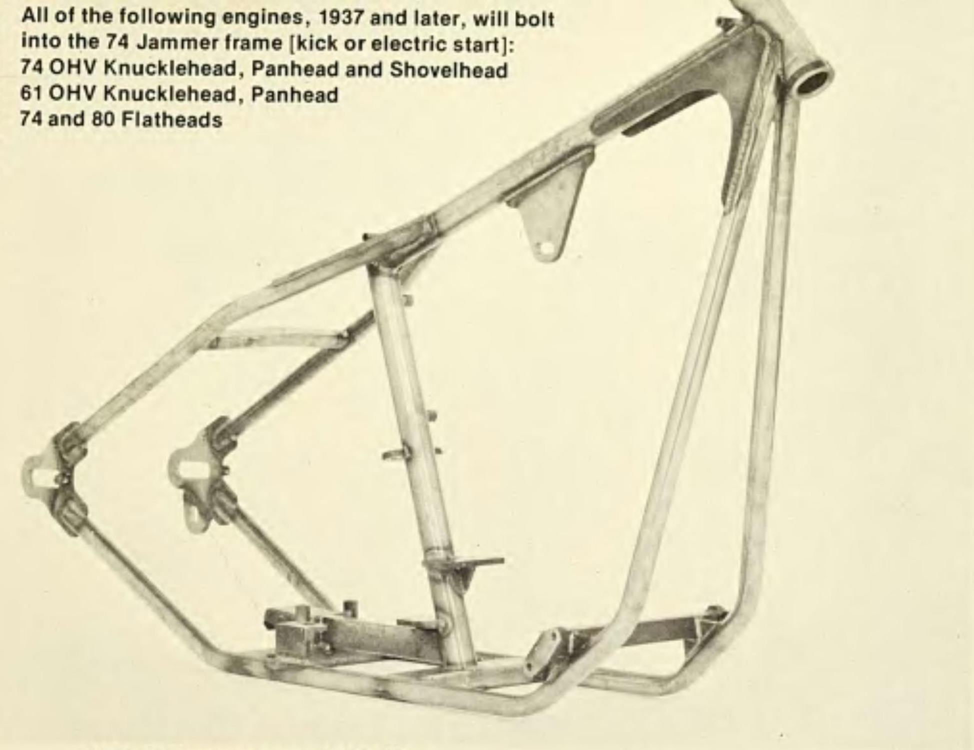
68039	16" Satelite Rear Wheel, disc brake Needs Linkage Kit No. 68025.	~~399.95~~	339.95
68052	16" Satelite Rear Bolt-on Wheel. Honda 750 For Drum Type	~~228.60~~	194.95
69032	18" Satelite Front Bolt-on Wheel 750/500.	~~187.05~~	158.95
69033	19" Satelite Front Bolt-on Wheel 750/500.	~~187.05~~	158.95
69052	18" Galaxy Front Bolt-on Wheel 750/500.	~~187.05~~	158.95
69053	19" Galaxy Front Bolt-on Wheel 750/500.	~~187.05~~	158.95
68062	16" Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel 750. Honda 750 For Drum Type	~~228.60~~	194.95
68046	16" Galaxy Rear Disc Brake 750. Needs Linkage Kit No. 68025.	~~399.95~~	339.95

SATELITE—GALAXY WHEELS FOR KAWASAKI

69043	18" 900 Satelite Bolt-on Front Wheel 73 to 75.	~~194.30~~	164.95
69044	19" 900 Satelite Bolt-on Front Wheel 73 to 75.	~~194.30~~	164.95
68055	16" 900 Satelite Bolt-on Rear Wheel 73 to 76.	~~247.60~~	209.95
69063	18" 900 Galaxy Bolt-on Front Wheel 73 to 75.	~~194.30~~	164.95
69064	19" 900 Galaxy Bolt-on Front Wheel 73 to 75.	~~194.30~~	164.95
68065	16" 900 Galaxy Bolt-on Rear Wheel 73 to 76.	~~247.60~~	209.95

ADVERTISEMENT

All of the following engines, 1937 and later, will bolt into the 74 Jammer frame [kick or electric start]:
74 OHV Knucklehead, Panhead and Shovelhead
61 OHV Knucklehead, Panhead
74 and 80 Flatheads



2804 *74 Jammer frame* **$285.00**

JAMMER FRAMES

Solid, Safe Construction

Front rails have 2¼" stretch.
Rake is 38 degrees.

2804 74 Jammer Rigid Frame:

Made of mild steel. Frames have clearance for larger strokers and room for all transmissions. It is possible to install electric-start systems with no frame modification. Frame is made for juice brakes with hydraulic tab welded on but can be easily adapted to accept mechanical or disc brakes (see 2805 below). **285.00**

2801 Mechanical Brake Rigid Frame. Same as 2804 above except 2805 kit installed. **$305.00**

2805 Mechanical Brake Kit. Converts our 2804 frame to mechanical brakes. For use with stock mechanical brakes '37-'57 on 61, 74 & 80. Includes cross-shaft tube and rear backing plate anchor and instructions. Welding required. **19.95**

***For disc brake wheels and linkages see page 84.**

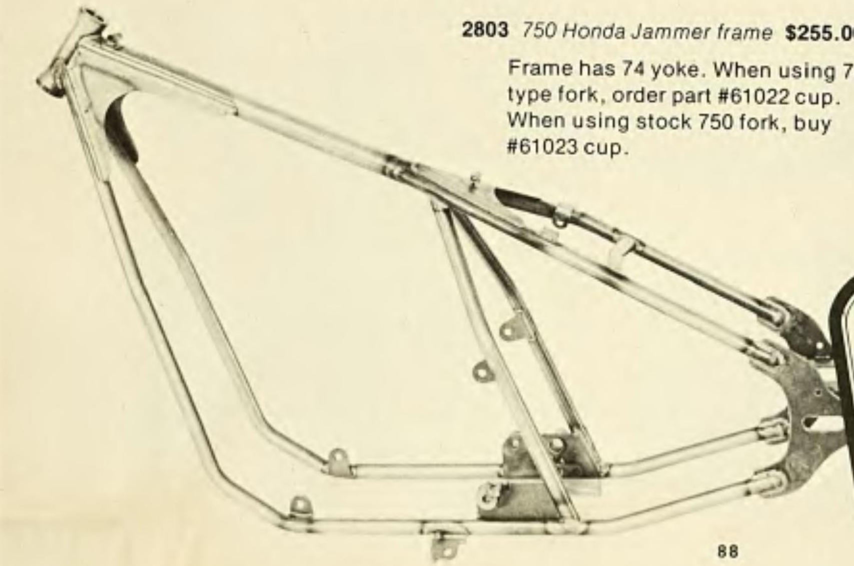
2802 *Sportster Jammer frame* **$265.00**

2802 Sportster Jammer Rigid Frame:

You can bolt any year Sportster engine (kick or electric start) into the Sportster frame. The holes are reamed and tapped. Maximum handling with 12" springer or girder or with 9" fork tubes. Our sissy bars, oil tanks, forks, seats, disc brakes, etc., will fit on this frame. **265.00**

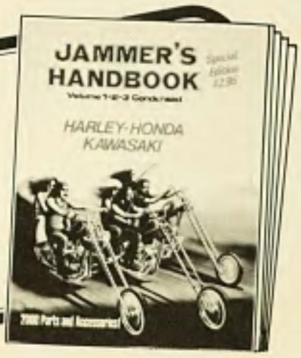
2803 *750 Honda Jammer frame* **$255.00**

Frame has 74 yoke. When using 74 type fork, order part #61022 cup. When using stock 750 fork, buy #61023 cup.



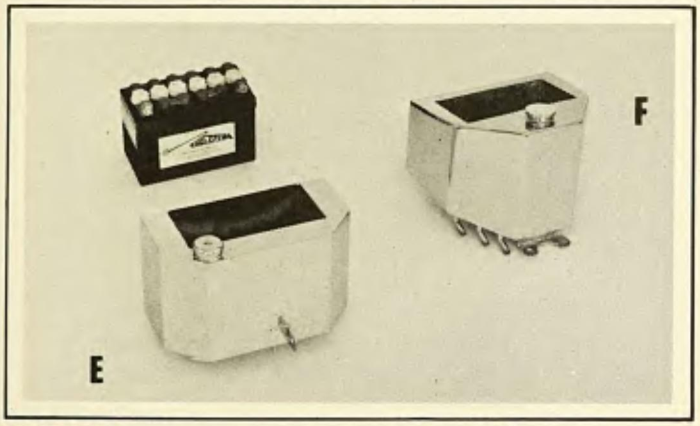
2803 750 Honda Jammer Rigid Frame: Accepts any year 750 engine. Made of mild steel. Maximum handling with 12" springer or girder or with 9" fork tubes. Our seats, sissy bars, oil tanks, forks, disc brakes, etc., will fit on this frame. Most stock parts fit with no modification. **255.00**

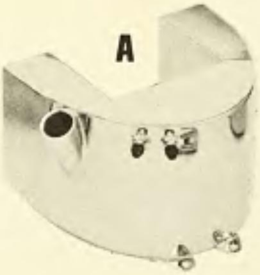
You can now call toll free 4 PM - 7 PM 1-800-423-2633 to order a catalog & get the name of your nearest Jammer dealer.
(See ad on back cover)

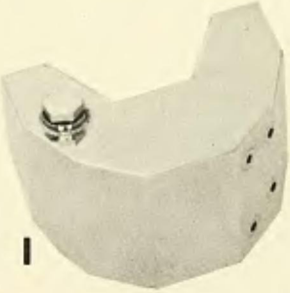


OIL TANKS

ADVERTISEMENT

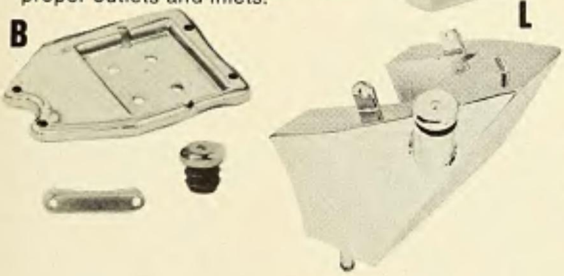






NEW Kick or Electric

All oil tanks are made of 16 gauge steel and are heliarc welded, pressure tested and triple plateu (copper-nickel-chrome). All have proper outlets and inlets.



37024 Honda Wedge Oil Tank. For Jammer 750 Rigid Frame **$89.95**

E **37021 Hex Action Sportster Oil Tank.** Designed for 12 volt Action Pac or FX battery. Fits stock Sportster swingarm frames and most custom rigid frames including ours. Three quart capacity. Includes cap. **69.95**

F **37022 Hex Action 74 Oil Tank.** Features hidden oil line outlets and needs no additional battery plate. Holds 3 3/4 quarts and will accept the Action Pac 12 volt or FX battery. Fits all HD 74's: swingarm or rigid frame; aluminum or steel primaries; electric or kick start. **95.00**

G **37014 Octagonal Sidefill Oil Tank.** For 74s. Four quart capacity. Includes cap. **79.95** (Shown)

G **37020 Octagonal Centerfill Oil Tank.** For 74s. Four quart capacity. Includes cap. (Not shown.) **73.95**

H **3805 Battery Box.** For 3804 tank **14.95**

I **3804 Octagonal Sportster Oil Tank.** Topfill. Fits most Sportsters. Includes mounting bracket and cap. Three quart capacity. **66.95**

J **High Performance Oil Lines.** Braided stainless-steel aircraft and racing type oil lines are the latest "must" in detailing street and custom Harley-Davidsons.

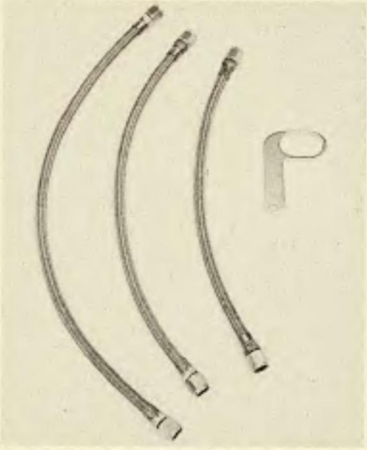
A **3701 Centerfill Oil Tank.** Wrap around design. For HD 74s. Holds same amount of oil as stock tank. Four quart capacity. **73.95** (Not Shown)

A **3702 Sidefill Oil Tank.** Wrap around design for 74s. Holds same amount of oil as stock tank. Four quart capacity. **79.95** (Shown)

B **3703 HD Oil Tank Mounting Plate.** Chromed. **16.00**

C **3704 Battery Plate Bracket.** Heavy Chromed. **2.50**

D **3709 Oil Tank Cap.** Chromed. stock cap. **2.50**



Custom Oil Line Sets for H.D. Big Twins [using wrap around oil tank].

J **37015** For Panhead and Knucklehead **29.95**

37016 For Shovelhead **49.95** **1968 through 1975.** (using steel inner primary cover).

J **37029 1968 through 1975.** (using stock aluminum inner primary cover). **$49.95**

37030 1966 through 1967. (Using steel or aluminum inner primary cover). **$49.95**

37031 1968 through 1975. (using stock aluminum inner primary cover and stock oil tank). **$48.95**

Harley-Davidson Sportster Oil Line Sets [using "Horse-shoe" Oil Tank].

J **37032 1957 through 1961 Sportster XLCH. $38.45**

37033 1962 through 1965 Sportster XLCH. (Using stock "XLCH" Oil Tank). **$38.45**

37034 1966 through 1969 Sportster XLCH. $44.25

K **37017 Oil Line Support Bracket.** Chromed. Fits both nylon and braided steel oil lines. **3.49**

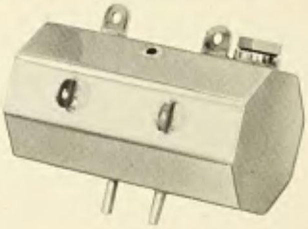
L **Mini Oil Gauge.** Measures only 1½" in diameter. Designed for Harleys but can be easily modified to work bikes. **Custom chromed.**

37018 For 74 **9.95**

37019 For Sportster **9.95**

37023 For Honda 750 **9.95**

OCTAGON OIL TANKS



3801 Triumph Oil Tank. Designed for Triumph rigid or hardtail frames. Cap included. 3 quarts. **59.95**

3802 Sportster Octagon Oil Tank. Fits most Sportster frames with minor modifications. Cap included. 3 quarts. Chromed. **59.95**

3803 Sportster Octagon Oil Tank for Battery. Bolts onto most Sportster frames with minor modifications. To be used with kick-start battery. Cap included. (Shown) 3 quarts. **73.95**

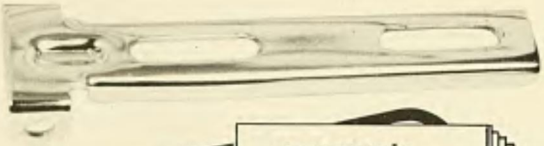
3806 Universal Oil Tank. Fits most imported bikes as well as HD 74s and 45s. Cap included. Chromed. **59.95**

3807 Honda 750 Octagon Oil Tank. Holds 3 quarts. Mounts with minor modifications. Cap included. Chromed. **88.95**

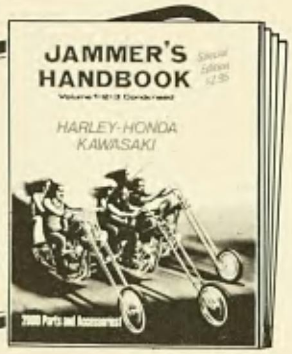
SEATS

The Regal Seat. Hand-crafted from the finest leathers and naugahyde, using heavy steel plates and aircraft quality foam. Fully carpeted on the bottom, and the steel plate has beading around edges to prevent cutting of materials. Has holes tapped in bottom for easy mounting. The Regal is the same type as used on the Jammer. The finishing touch to a beautiful machine. The Regal is approximately 27" long, by 7" wide and 2" thick.

Part No.	Height	Type	Type of Frame	Price
11509	4"	Regal Naugahyde	Rigid	64.95
115010	4"	Regal Naugahyde	Swingarm	64.95
115011	12"	Regal Naugahyde	Rigid	69.95
115012	12"	Regal Naugahyde	Swingarm	69.95
115013	18"	Regal Naugahyde	Rigid	74.95



11706 Seat Bracket. 2.50



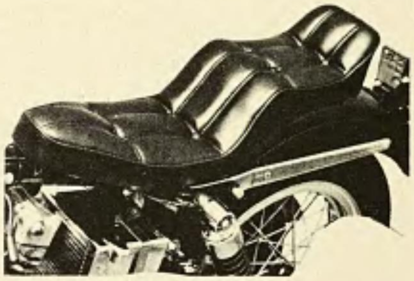
You can now call toll free 4 PM - 7 PM 1-800-423-2633 to order a catalog & get the name of your nearest Jammer dealer. (See ad on back cover)

The Elite. For Sportster and Super Glide. This new seat is designed for the ultimate in comfort and appearance. The carpeted bottom follows the contour of the bike better than stock. The seat lowers you 2" for easier handling and maximum comfort. Comes complete with all brackets, and mounts like stock. No welding or other alterations needed. Genuine black Naugahyde.

Part No.	Bike	Style	Back	Size	Price
115029	Sportster	Pleats	4"	24"x9"	54.95
115030	S. Glide	Pleats	4"	29"x9"	54.95
115031	Sportster	Square Tufted	4"	24"x9"	54.95
115032	S. Glide	Square Tufted	4"	29"x9"	54.95
115033	Sportster	Square Tufted	14"	24"x9"	66.95
115034	S. Glide	Square Tufted	14"	29"x9"	66.95

B

The 14" Elite has a built-in steel back support and needs no sissybar.
(Tufted shown)



The Rigid "TWO PIECE"

Universal mounting fits most rigid frame bikes.

RIGID "TWO PIECE" II
(Hump Seat)
115035 Square Tufted Black **57.95**

RIGID "TWO PIECE" 14" BACK
(Built-in Sissy Bar)
115036 Square Tufted Black **62.95**

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The "MARQUIS TOURING" Series Seats

The "Marquis Touring" Series and
The "Marquis" Series. The Marquis combines the ultimate in comfort and style. Square nose styling allows seat to fit flush against tank, rear section covers upper portion of fender. Self support back eliminates need for Sissy bar. The Marquis mounts and hinges like stock.

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114055 Marquis Touring II (hump-seat) Square Tufted Black. Fits Honda 750 k $72.95

114057 Honda 1000 Marquis Touring II (Hump-seat) Square Tufted Black. 72.95

114056 Marquis Touring 14" back Square Tufted Black. Fits Honda 750 $89.95

114058 Honda 1000 Marquis Touring II 14" Back Square Tufted Black **89.95**

(Order Brackets Below)

114061 Kawasaki 900 Marquis II Hump-seat, Black. (same as #114059) *79B23* **$54.95**

114062 Kawasaki 900 Marquis 14" back, built-in Sissy bar. (same look as #114060 but larger) *79B44* **$74.95**

114063 Honda 1000 Marquis II Hump-seat, Square Tufted Black. (same look as #114059) *79B23* **$54.95**

114064 Honda 1000 Marquis 14" back, built-in Sissy bar, Square Tufted Black. (same look as #114060 but larger) **74.95**

The "MARQUIS" Series

114059 Honda 550 & 400 "F" Models and Kawasaki 400 Marquis II, Hump-seat, Square Tufted Black. $54.95

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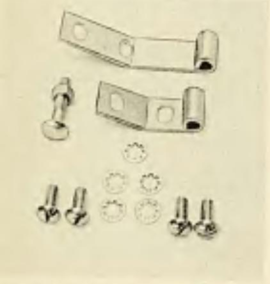
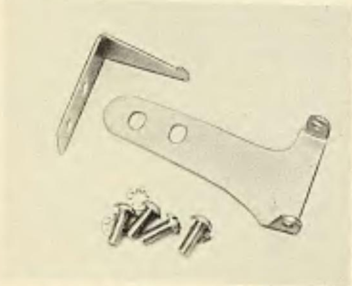
114060 Honda 550 & 400 "F" Models and Kawasaki 400 Marquis 14" back, Hump-seat, built-in Sissy bar. $74.95

Seat Brackets For The "Marquis" Series.





114050 Honda 550 "F" Model. $4.00

114051 Honda 400 "F" Model. $4.00

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114042 For Honda 750 **k 4.00**

Sissy Bars **Rigid Frame Sissy Bars.**

Part No.	Length	Type	Price
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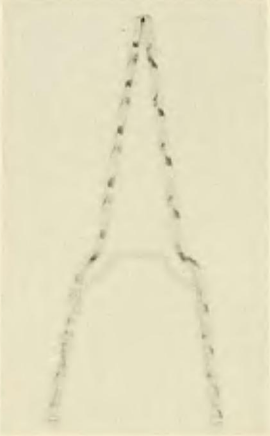
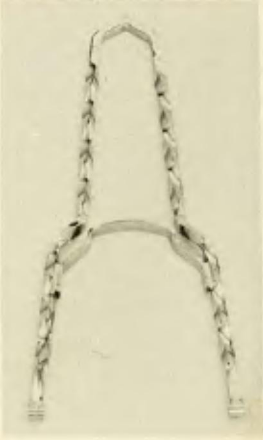
8302	36"	Round	39.95
8303	36"	Hex	39.95
8304	36"	Square	39.95
8309	28"	Twist	39.95
83010	28"	Round	39.95
83011	28"	Hex	39.95
83012	28"	Square	39.95
83013	21"	Hex	37.50
83014	21"	Square	37.50



36"



28"

21"

Continued on next page

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Chameleon

SISSY BARS

Ka-mel-́yan

The Chameleon - for Swing Arms. The sissy bar with the interchangeable side plates and interchangeable emblems This new Sissy bar with two side plates will fit all FX/FXE and Sportsters with or without turn signals. Nothing to remove - nothing is covered up. Just minutes from out of the box to on the bike. You buy the emblems separately. The Chameleon really fits stock H.D. and our seats perfectly. Lustrous chrome.

This sissy bar can actually be installed in 8 minutes——

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***with Jammer or HD plain emblem.**

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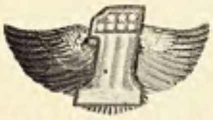
8102 HD Plain 4.05
Gold-Plated

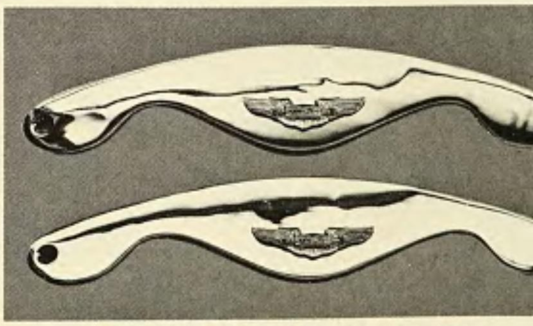
8103 Harley Wings (Gold Plated)
8.95

8104 Ride to Live Wings & Wheels
Gold-Plated 8.95

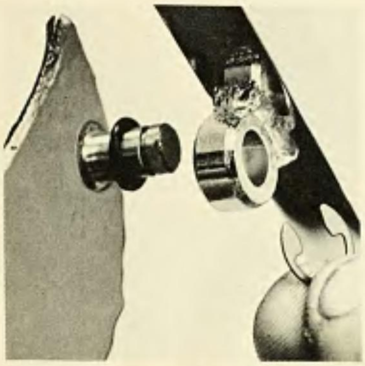
8105 Skull and Crossbones
Chrome 8.95



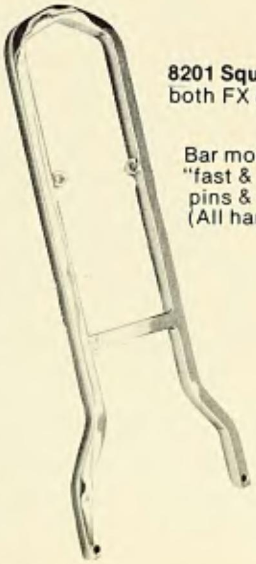
8106 Winged #1 8.95
Chrome, Red, and Blue



82011 Side Plates. Fits all Spst. with or without turn signals. **25.95**

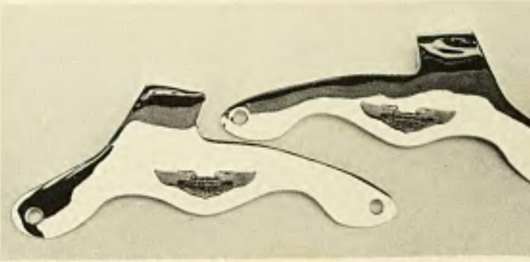


Emblem's rubber mount to bar with "O" rings & clips.



8201 Square Bar. One bar fits both FX & Spst. side plates. **19.95**

Bar mounts to side plates "fast & secure" with roll pins & set screws. (All hardware included)



82012 Side Plates. Fits all FX's with or without turn signals. **25.95**

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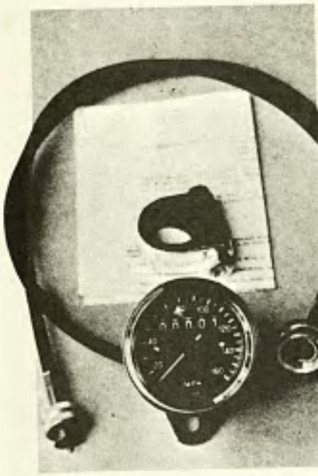
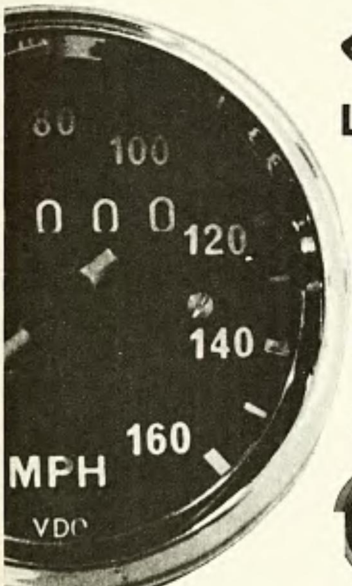
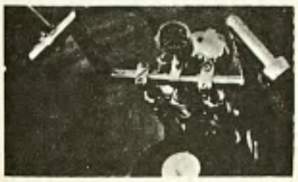


160 mph Speedometer Exclusively for the 74 Chopper! *and Sportster*

Now for the first time you can buy this small (only 2⅜" in diameter) precision, German-made speedometer





Has chromed exterior, black illuminated face with white numerals, and it has an odometer. Simple to install. Price includes cable and light. **$44.95**

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4 gallon capacity; 13½" wide, 16" long, 9" deep. Frisco style tunnel.

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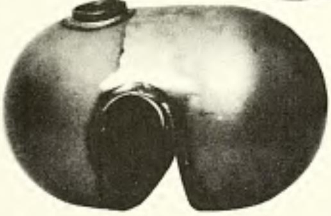

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GAS TANK

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Chromed. Stock replacement; fits 1936 to 1954 with foot shift assembly

#203B 7.50

HD 74 Extended Kick Stand Chromed

6-10 over stock
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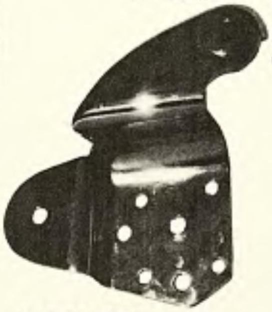

SHIFT BRACKET

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Oil Gauge (Chromed)

Easy to read. 0 to 60 lbs. A must for long rides. Fitting supplied for 74s and Sportsters, but you must specify which one when ordering. Can be modified to fit other bikes **9.95**

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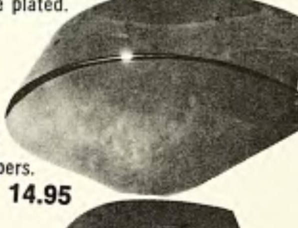
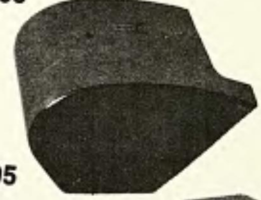


#737
Fits 1972 to present HD 74 with large calipers. **14.95**



#737A
Fits 1974 HD 74 with small calipers; front only. **13.95**

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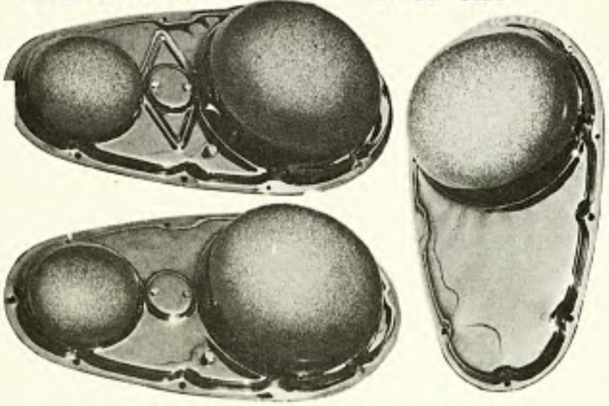
FOR ELECTRIC START 74's

4 quart capacity; side fill. Designed for aircraft style and FX Electric Start Battery. Mounting plate and battery clamp included. **#746B 65.50**

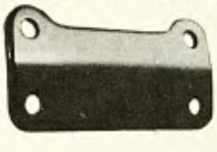


OUTER PRIMARIES

HD XLCH Sportster 1958–69

#761 DIAMOND STYLE **33.95**
#762 SMOOTH STYLE **33.95**
#763 SUPER SMOOTH **33.95**

HEADLITE BRACKET



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